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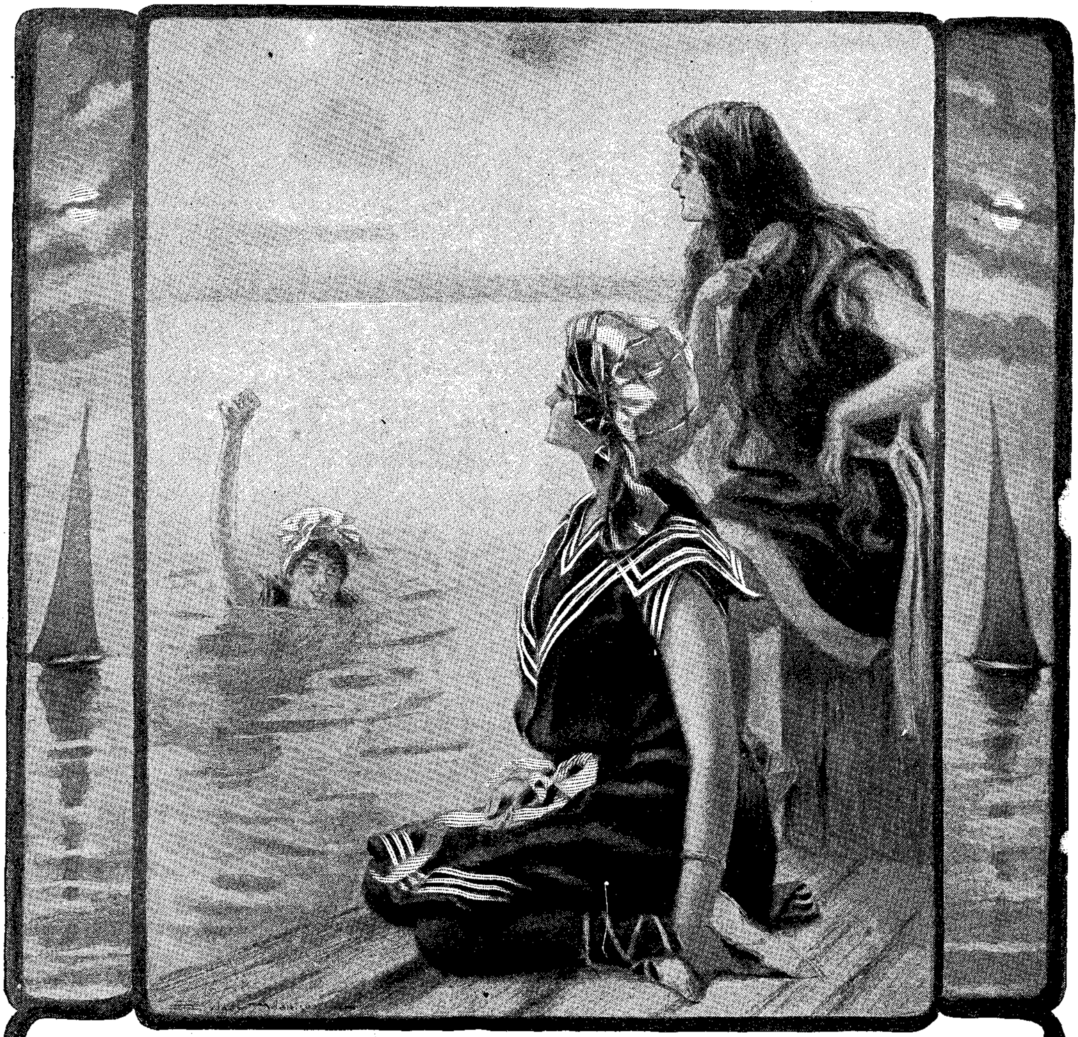

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"USE IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS!"

"One morning, last summer, at a Michigan resort, a party of girls went down to the lake in their bathing suits for the purpose of washing their hair. Each carried the necessary articles, including a cake of soap. One had a cake of ————'s soap; another, a cake of ———— —— soap. Several other varieties were represented.

The place selected was near the pier, and the implements for washing the hair were placed in the interstices of the logs supporting the pier. During the process of washing, the ————'s soap girl lost her soap and in the effort to recover it, the ———— —— soap girl lost her's, too. The girl with the Ivory Soap thereupon threw it far out into the lake, swam after it and, holding it aloft, cried: *'Use Ivory Soap—it floats!'*

In the end, all three girls used Ivory Soap—they had to!" [Extract from a Letter.]

Again we ask: Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps, does not the fact that *it floats* make it better?

The Outlook

26 JUNE, 1909

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LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

FLEECING THE FILIPINOS

Last week the tariff discussion in the United States Senate reached the point where it had to provide for future trade with the Philippine Islands. By the pending bill our products are to be freely admitted to the Islands. As to the admittance of Philippine products to the United States, President Taft, when Secretary of War a year ago, recommended that legislation be adopted by Congress admitting the products of the Philippine Islands to the markets of the United States, with such reasonable limitations as may remove fear of interference with home tobacco and sugar interests. Hence the bill proposed the admission, free of duty, of only a hundred and fifty million cigars, one million five hundred thousand pounds of filler tobacco, and three hundred thousand pounds of sugar. All other products would be admitted free. Despite the belief that a hundred and fifty million cigars represent less than half the present annual increase in the demand for domestic cigars, and therefore would not interfere with the domestic market, the Connecticut Senators proposed to fix the number of free cigars at seventy million, and to reduce the amount of filler tobacco to a million pounds. This proposition was opposed by Senator Root, of New York, who declared:

> I, for one, sir, am not willing to vote for a bill which, in my judgment, secures to this great and powerful nation an advantage over the weak people of the Philippine Islands, and I am against the reduction, whether the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. La Follette] or if all the committees of the Senate approve it. I shall vote against it.

Mr. Root properly defined our Philippine policy in proclaiming that—

> The good faith, the good name, the honor of the American people are all pledged to lead the people of the Islands on by paths of growing prosperity and capacity for government to the point where they will be capable of supporting and governing themselves. We cannot fulfill that high duty by giving them money, as the Senator from Nevada [Mr. Newlands] would have us do. Gifts of money tend to reduce the independence of individual character. We cannot fulfill that duty by making the Islands unsuccessful in business, by retarding and confining their industry. We can fulfill it only by giving to them the opportunities to grow in habits of industry, in the building up of national pride and national power, to grow in the accumulation of property and the diffusion of wealth lying at the foundation of civilization.

The "opportunities" mentioned by Mr. Root are thus utilized by us: We deny to the Filipinos the right to buy in the cheapest market. We force them to buy from us. And then we refuse them a free access to our markets for their products. In addition, we now order that but half the proposed limitation of one of their principal products shall come to us, for Senator Root was overwhelmingly outvoted by what he called "the particular and selfish interests." This is not a fulfillment of our promise of economic guidance to the Filipinos. It is a violation of National good faith and honor.

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THE DUTY ON ART

Among the few wise and progressive things which the Senate has so far done in connection with tariff revision is the broadening of the provisions of the House Tariff Bill to admit without duty paintings and sculptures more than twenty years old. If this provision is finally adopted, it will be a definite step in advance; for there is no aspect of the tariff which has been more repugnant to intelligent Americans, or has brought more reproach upon us from intelligent foreigners, than the tax on products of art. Artists have again and again expressed the strongest repugnance to this limitation of the importation of art works. They need no protection. Schools, libraries, colleges, galleries, Americans who love art, have protested again and again without effect. The duty at present levied on works of art is based on the assumption that these works are luxuries and ought to be taxed as such; and a specious case has been made out of discrimination against the poor in favor of the rich; all this on the theory that art is a luxury, an ornament, a decoration. Nothing could be more misleading and untrue. This view of art is a survival of the ignorance of its functions and services which formerly prevailed in this country, but which we have been rapidly outgrowing. The introduction of art education in the public schools, the opening of a great number of galleries, the marked growth of taste in architecture, and especially in public buildings, the growing desire to make cities beautiful, the enrichment of such buildings with mural decorations, the growing wealth of good sculpture and painting, indicate the rapidity with which education in art is going on in this country. Every effort ought to be made to bring beautiful things to the New World. We stand in sore need of them. We ought to welcome every addition. Instead of shutting the gate in the face of the American who tries to bring masterpieces, either ancient or modern, to this country, we ought to hold the gates wide open and welcome him as a public benefactor. The revenue from duties on works of art is not worth considering as a matter of money—it has never amounted to more than a few hundred thousand dollars—but it has been a barrier to the higher education of Americans and a survival of an ancient ignorance which has been a reproach to the country.

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THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION AND THE SUGAR TRUST

The Federal Grand Jury in New York City is investigating the case of the Sugar Trust and the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company, which was described in last week's issue of The Outlook. Meanwhile a section of the daily press is very much exercised because the Department of Justice under President Roosevelt's administration did not bring a criminal action against the Sugar Trust for a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in this case. It may be well to recall the facts in the case and apply to them the principles of law and common sense. While Mr. William H. Moody, now Justice of the Supreme Court, was Attorney-General, Mr. George H. Earle, Jr., the receiver for the Pennsylvania company, addressed a communication to him urging him to proceed either civilly or criminally, or perhaps both civilly and criminally, against the Sugar Trust for a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Mr. Moody was appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court before any consideration could be given to this communication. A similar communication was then addressed by Mr. Earle to Attorney-General Bonaparte and followed up by one communication and perhaps more. These letters were in pamphlet form, were printed in parts in very large type, and in others in italics, and contained much irrelevant matter. In substance they urged prosecution of the Trust on the ground that its acquisition of a refinery which might have become a rival if started operated in restraint of trade, and constituted a part of a scheme to monopolize inter-State commerce in sugar. Beyond the statements of Mr. Earle, contained in these pamphlets, no evidence was submitted to the Attorney-General or, so far as can be ascertained, to any other officer of the Government. In these statements the Department of Justice did not see any sufficient ground for a prosecution. There was grave doubt whether a single act of acquisition of property under such circumstances would justify a conviction, although it might be evidence in connection with many other like transactions to sustain a proceeding such as those instituted against the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco and Powder Trusts. In this instance, moreover, the Department was confronted by a decision of the Supreme Court (in the case of the United States vs. Knight) to the effect that the acquisition of four actual competing refineries by this very Trust was not a violation of the statute. In addition, there was reason to believe that the purpose in urging a prosecution by the Federal Government was to force a settlement of the private suit against the Trust. It was determined that nothing should be done by the United States until after the termination of the private suit, and that then the question would be reconsidered in the light of such further developments as might have resulted from the trial. In considering these facts, the reader should remember, first, that it is not the duty of the Department of Justice to investigate accusations of violations of law which are brought to it unaccompanied by evidence; second, that it is the duty of the Department of Justice to use its best judgment in determining before proceeding with any case whether the law has been violated, and whether there is a probability of securing a conviction; third, that it is not the province of the Department of Justice to serve as a catspaw in securing reparation for one private individual or corporation from another. Critics of the Roosevelt Administration, in considering the relation of that Administration to a case of this sort, would find invaluable aid in a sense of humor. It is ludicrous to suppose that the same Department of Justice which, against the powerful efforts and influence of the great Sugar Trust, pushed to successful completion the false weighing cases should have been improperly influenced to ignore a less important case. But perhaps it is not so ludicrous as the feverish interest in the Pennsylvania case taken by the same newspapers which found the case of the weighing frauds of no value as news until the public interest had been aroused in it by its appearance in other prints.

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MR LEUPP AND MR VALENTINE After four and a half years of the hardest kind of work Mr. Francis E. Leupp has resigned as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. We are assured that his desire, expressed in his letter of resignation, for release from the anxieties "which heretofore have proved fatal to my every attempt at a real vacation" arises not from any lasting impairment of health, but from the natural effects of overwork long continued. The burdens upon Mr. Leupp have been very heavy. If his term of office has left him worn with labor, it is not surprising. When he took office, he not only laid out his policy in his own mind, but presented it before others. The outlines of that policy as drawn up by him were published in The Outlook at the time. He announced his respect for the Indian as a type of man. As he later said in a report, he liked the Indian "for what is Indian in him." His first principle was to attempt to mold, not the Indian adult, but the Indian child; his second was to give the Indian, not instruction, but education; his third was to release the Indian as fast as possible from tribal and Governmental bonds, and make him an individual citizen; and his fourth was to make the Indian a factor in his community. In the course of applying these principles Mr. Leupp encountered the enmity of bad men and the obstacles of bad traditions and bad systems. We do not intend to recount, even in outline, the story of his experience; he has done that himself in The Outlook for the 5th of this month. His services as Commissioner of Indian Affairs have been of the greatest value. He has been signally successful in helping the Indian to let drink alone and to persevere in work. Originally the white people treated the Indian as an enemy; then they treated him as a pauper. Mr. Leupp has been the representative of the white people in treating the Indian as a man. Incidentally Mr. Leupp has served not only the Indian but the whole people. His work in saving vast tracts of land has been of itself a great distinction. As his successor the President has appointed Mr. Robert G. Valentine. He was at first Mr. Leupp's private secretary; then Superintendent of Indian Schools; and has been for some time now Assistant Commissioner. The merit system and the principle of promotion in the public service are capitally illustrated in this case. By virtue of his experience in the Bureau, as well as by virtue of his natural capacity, Mr. Valentine is highly qualified for the position. He has traveled on horseback among the Indians; he has dealt with executive problems in Washington. He knows what needs to be done, and he holds strongly to the policies which Mr. Leupp has carried on. There will thus be continuity in every respect in the administration of Indian affairs.

A CONFERENCE ON POISONS

The new anti-opium law has carried gloom to the opium joints of San Francisco and other places. When the bill was passed, the importers of smoking opium rushed their orders to the Orient, and a few days before the date when the law was to go into effect landed nearly a million dollars' worth of the drug, storing it in the custom-house and bonded warehouses. But the authorities in Washington instructed the Collector at San Francisco not to allow any opium to leave his possession, declaring that Federal officers should seize any opium, whether marked "duty paid" or not. This drastic action is coincident with others following the passage of the Anti-Opium Bill. Great Britain has peremptorily ordered the closing of the Hongkong opium farm by March 1, 1910; and the Macao opium farm, on the Chinese coast, which supplied America with about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year during the last generation, has now become bankrupt. The recent International Opium Commission at Shanghai recommended that every government should adopt reasonable measures at its ports to prevent the shipment of opium to any country which forbids its entry, should apply its own pharmacy laws to its citizens in its consular districts in China, should take measures towards the suppression of opium-smoking in its own territories, and should carefully examine and reconsider its system of opium regulation in the light of the experience of other countries. Thus the commission of inquiry and recommendation has done its work. It has settled the scientific, ethical, economical, and political questions. An International Conference is now desirable to complete the Commission's work. It should put the whole opium production and traffic under international control. Its scope should be extended to include cocaine, hashish, and other habit-forming drugs. The Power to gain most by putting the entire question under international law is not China, but Great Britain. Humanity at large as well as the inhabitants of the British possessions in particular would be benefited if Great Britain were to settle her opium problem as she settled the slavery question.

SPECULATION AND GAMBLING

Radical reformers who would like to see the evils of stock gambling destroyed offhand will find the report of Governor Hughes's special Committee of Investigation a conservative document. The fact is that the more one knows of this vastly important question, the less easy it is to dispose of it arbitrarily. This Committee, the personnel of which has already been stated in The Outlook, was made up of men of large knowledge both in practical affairs and in the theory of finance, men undoubtedly disinterested and well equipped for the task. They spent six months in careful endeavor, not to find whether illegitimate and injurious practices exist in Wall Street, but to find how far admitted evils may be cured by legislation or by reforming the rules and methods of the exchanges. Their general conclusions are of even more interest than their special recommendations. They find that what may be called legitimate speculation exists side by side with reckless and ignorant speculation; they justify and even commend the former, and stigmatize the latter as "wasteful and morally destructive," and as "in the same class with gambling at the race-track or at the roulette table;" but they frankly declare their belief "in the practical impossibility of distinguishing what is virtually gambling from legitimate speculation." Probably for the present at least this expert opinion will be accepted, but there will remain a very large body of thinkers who believe that where an undisputed evil exists we must not despair of finding a remedy. These reformers will not easily be convinced that there is not an essential distinction between a purchase of land, commodities, or corporation stock, for future delivery, joined with part payment and a genuine intention of completing the transaction, and, on the other hand, a mere wager on the rise or fall of the market, made under the pretense, rather than the reality, of an actual transfer of future rights in property. But apparently the Committee believes that the day has not yet come for radical dealing with stock gambling evils. As to non-gambling speculation, the report declares that "for the merchant or manufacturer the speculator performs a service which has the effect of insurance," and often "accomplishes an amount of good which offsets most of its cost," for "legitimate speculation tends to steady prices." It should be carried on, the Committee holds, by persons of means and experience and should be based on an intelligent forecast, while, conversely, the Committee seems to lay much weight on the idea that the evils of stock gambling come largely from the ignorance and lack of experience and lack of capital of small stock gamblers. The definition of stock gambling given is that it is "trading which does not lead to the actual passing from hand to hand of the property that is dealt in." It is admitted that only a small part of Stock Exchange transactions are for investment; "a substantial part may be characterized as virtually gambling." But the Committee sees no way to divide proper from improper deals, because the "forms and mechanisms" used for both are identical.

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SPECIFIC *SUGGESTIONS*

Negatively, the Committee refuses to recommend that margin trading be forbidden, finding it as proper as any dealing in futures with partial payment of price. But it recommends brokers to discourage small margins, and suggest that the Stock Exchange use its influence, and, if necessary, its power, to require margin trading to be on a twenty per cent basis, instead of ten per cent, or even less, as now. Other suggestions made to the Stock Exchange are: to adopt rules which should actually prevent "wash sales;" should provide a way to decide when a "corner" exists, and then fix a settlement price so as to prevent the ruin of innocent persons; should forbid the allurements of those branch offices which provide luncheon, cards, and liquor for their patrons; and should provide for better knowledge on the part of the Stock Exchange of the financial condition of the corporations whose stocks are listed. As to "manipulation," the report sees no harm or wrong in it, provided that it is used fairly and without "matched orders," as a way of making a market for newly issued securities. When the object is to unload stocks on the public at artificial and manufactured prices, the evil is evident; but here, too, the report is unable to suggest a remedy. A few suggestions of possible legislation are made, such as that a broker who sells or pledges without authority a customer's securities should be held guilty of larceny; that a customer shall recover three times any loss incurred by a broker who fails to make a bona fide purchase or sale as claimed by him; that swindling advertisers, and the papers that print such advertising relating to stock speculation, should be punished by law. Better regulation of the curb market, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, and especially the Consolidated Exchange, is recommended. Many of the detailed suggestions of this report are excellent; but it must not be assumed that it makes unnecessary any future consideration of the question how to deal in the public interest with the ruinous vice of gambling in stocks.

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CHARITIES AND CORRECTION

During the week of June 9 to 16 the thirty-sixth National Conference of Charities and Correction met at Buffalo, New York. Only a few years ago the Conference was small, and in but slight degree a National influence. This year more than one thousand delegates from the United States and Canada, besides several representatives from Germany, were registered. The seven days were given over to general meetings and section meetings. Some of the general topics under discussion were Families and Neighborhoods, Health and Sanitation, Defectives, Children, Law-Breakers, Immigrants, Press and Publicity, State Supervision and Administration, Statistics. The afternoons were left free for impromptu or adjourned gatherings of those groups of social workers to whom as yet no section or general meetings had been assigned upon the programme. This year, for instance, for the first time, the agents of remedial loan associations met in conference. These delegates represented the semi-philanthropic pawnbroking offices throughout the country, which, particularly under the influence of the Provident Loan Association of New York, are rapidly increasing. By loaning money on proper collateral at rates as low as the efficient conduct of the business will permit, the remedial loan societies thus practically enter the field of relief agencies. As similar instances of the broadening scope of the Conference, special meetings, not on the programme, were held by probation officers, representatives of the charity organization societies, and the workers in newly organized social service departments of hospitals. Moreover, the National Conference of Jewish Social Workers held an all-day session on Conference Sunday, June 13, and the Conference on Backward, Truant, and Delinquent Children held a two days' session immediately preceding the Conference. All these meetings are significant of a marked tendency of the National Conference not only to become an ever-increasing group of organizations and associations interpreting charity and correction broadly, but also to lay each year stronger emphasis upon the necessity of prevention in charitable and correctional work, and of large-scale study and treatment of the immediate problems of charity and penology. This tendency was manifest in the discussion of such topics as: The Integrity of the Family, Rural Communities, Industrial Insurance, The Family and Economic Conditions, Public Schools and the Immigrant, Child Labor, The Neighborhood and the Municipality, The Alien and the Law, Law-Breakers. It is noteworthy that for next year several new committees have been appointed on Occupational Standards, The School and the Community, and Remedial Loans.

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A CONFERENCE OF NEWER TENDENCIES That the Convention recently closed may be called "A Conference of Newer Tendencies" was further manifest in the election of Miss Jane Addams as President of the 1910 National Conference of Charities and Correction, to be held in St. Louis. Thus for the first time a woman succeeds to the presidency, a position which is always a recognition of high distinction in the field of social and civic betterment. The election of Miss Addams was not only a tribute to the universal esteem in which she was held by the members of the Conference, but was also a recognition of the prominent and valuable part played at the Conference by the women social workers of this country. Miss Addams succeeds as President Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, who as presiding officer this year represented also the American National Red Cross Society, of which he is the recently appointed Executive Secretary. While the Conference members naturally derived much profit from their attendance, the city of Buffalo profited also, not alone financially, but far more through the stimulus for social betterment created by the gathering of a thousand or more special workers in the field of charities and correction. The necessary expenses, even though not large, incumbent upon the city that entertains the Conference have until now rendered impossible the convening of the Conference in smaller cities which greatly need the knowledge and stimulus which the Conference brings. An effort is being made to increase the finances of the Conference sufficiently to permit the holding of the Conference from time to time in smaller cities. The Conference voted to co-operate with the American Committee having in charge the preparations for the International Prison Congress, which will be held at Washington in October of next year.

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PENSIONS FOR EMPLOYEES There is no element in the American industrial system more hopeful than the occasional evidences of a spirit of mutual effort between employer and employee for the common good. Such an evidence is to be found in the Pension Bill for employees of the Boston and Maine Railroad, lately signed by the Governor of Massachusetts. This bill is important because it supplements the existing plan of savings bank insurance, already described in The Outlook, and because it may lead in other States to a sound and generous system of insurance and pensions for workingmen, and it is especially noteworthy because it is thoroughly co-operative—co-operative in that it was enacted at the request of employees with the sympathetic aid of the railway officials; co-operative in that the pensions come from money contributed equally by employer and employee (except that the company undertakes to make an additional contribution at its discretion to meet the hardships which might otherwise fall upon those workers now already advanced in years and service); co-operative in that to put the system in effect a vote of two-thirds of the workmen and the official consent of the company must both be obtained; and co-operative also in management, as workmen and company are to have equal representation in the governing board. If the plan is carried out, some 27,000 employees will be affected; and as their consent has first been obtained, their contributions, made in the form of deductions from wages, will be, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis remarks, "obligatory contributions secured by democratic methods." To illustrate the working of the plan concretely, let us take the case of Michael Flynn, trackwalker: At present, when he becomes too old to work effectively, he is simply "fired," and, if he has not laid up money, must be supported by his friends or the public; under the new plan he would receive a pension, which under the law cannot be less than two hundred dollars a year. It is hoped that eventually the pension will amount to half the average annual wages during the last ten years of Michael's service; but the rate will be fixed, under the law, by the trustees of the pension fund in consultation with the railway. If Michael has been only a short time at work for the company, he cannot expect to get much, if anything; but if he is really an old and faithful workman, his pension will be substantial and he will have the satisfaction of feeling that half, or nearly half, of it has been the result of his own savings, hardly noticed by him as pay-day after pay-day has passed by. It is to be noticed that while, as we have said, the underlying principle of the bill is co-operative, once adopted it creates legal rights; thus Michael will receive, if he prematurely throws up his job, all the cash he has paid in and perhaps a little more, while his claim to a pension, if he stays on, may be enforced in the court, and is not a favor but a right. On the other hand, if Michael enters the company's employ after the plan is adopted, he positively *must* pay his dues; and the same is true if he had worked in the employ of the company before, unless, indeed, Michael was one of the persons who voted against the adoption of the system and within three months recorded his objections. This last privilege, called "the elective obligatory" clause, is a new feature in pension legislation, and shows how scrupulously personal rights have been observed to the last limit. Another feature of the scheme is that the funds are exempt from taxation and that the right to the pension cannot be assigned. On this point Mr. Brandeis comments as follows:

> This is but an application of a broader purpose that underlies our whole agitation of wage-earners' insurance. To make free citizens, we must have men financially independent, and that financial independence is only possible through a comprehensive system of insurance against the contingencies of sickness, accident, old age, or premature death. Independence, in fact, therefore involves prohibition of loss of the bare means of subsistence either through legal processes or voluntary act, just as much as loss of liberty through selling one's self into servitude.

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THE COLLEGES Perhaps the two most prominent figures in college exercises last week were women. Brown University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. When she was assisted to the platform to receive the certificate of the granting of the degree, the whole audience rose, while the orchestra played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." "Doctor of Letters—Julia Ward Howe, Boston, Massachusetts," said Dr. Faunce; "Author, Philanthropist, Mother, Friend of the Slave, a personal friend of all who suffer, singer of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, allied with Brown University through her distinguished husband, allied with all educators through her faith." Peculiar interest attaches to this honor from Brown, because Mrs. Howe's husband and her grandfather were graduates of the University. Another most interesting event took place beyond the Missouri River at the University of Minnesota, where the Commencement oration was given by Professor Maria L. Sandford. This was probably the first Commencement oration delivered in this country before a great university by a woman. Professor Sandford is seventy-two years of age; and after twenty-nine years of service at Minnesota, and fifty-three years of teaching, is now retired on the Carnegie Foundation, with the profound respect and deep affection of the State, which she has served with ability and devotion. She was at one time Professor of History at Swarthmore College. At the University of Minnesota she has filled the Chair of Rhetoric and Public Speaking. At Princeton, President Lowell, of Harvard, the guest of honor, made an address to an audience of twelve hundred graduates, in which he characterized Dr. Wilson as one of the foremost educators of to-day, and implored the alumni of all American universities to take a greater interest in the intellectual side of the college life. "For the chief object of a university is study." President Wilson has already rendered a great service to the American college by the definite stand he has taken in behalf of scholarship. He has raised the standard of work at Princeton, and has shown to the colleges of the country that a higher class of work can be exacted of students, and that the scholarly spirit can be fostered and developed by the authority of the colleges. At the same university Dr. Crothers, the charming essayist, received the degree of Doctor of Letters, and was happily described as "a bright and candid literary critic revealing with subtle humor or serious friendliness the better things of human life." Another honorary degree which will commend itself to the whole country was that conferred upon Mr. John White Alexander, President of the National Academy of Design in New York, the painter of the original and impressive series of mural decorations entitled "The Crowning of Labor" at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and a portrait painter of unusual charm and distinction.

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DR. ELIOT'S SHELF OF BOOKS The announcement made by Dr. Charles W. Eliot during his trip in the South last winter that he proposed to select a group of books, filling a five-foot shelf library, in the belief that "the faithful and considerate reading of these books, with such re-readings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day," attracted the attention of the entire country, and the titles of the books have been awaited with the keenest interest. A number of these titles have been announced, and these The Outlook reprints, reserving its comment, however, until the list is complete. A glance at the books chosen will make it apparent that Dr. Eliot proposes no easy course; and that, although the reading of these books is elective, it will not be what is known in college slang as a "soft snap:"

"Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin."
"Journal of John Woolman."
"Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn.
Bacon's "Essays" and "New Atlantis."
Milton's "Areopagitica" and "Tractate on Education."
Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici."
Plato's "Apology," "Phædo," and "Crito."
"Golden Sayings" of Epictetus.
"Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."
Emerson's "Essays."
Emerson's "English Traits."
The complete Poems of Milton.
Jonson's "Volpone."
Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy."
Webster's "Duchess of Malfi."
Middleton's "The Changeling."
Dryden's "All for Love."
Shelley's "Cenci."
Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon."
Tennyson's "Becket."
Goethe's "Faust."
Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus."
Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."
"Letters" of Cicero and Pliny.
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
Burns's "Tam o' Shanter."
Walton's "Compleat Angler" and "Lives" of Donne and Herbert.
"Autobiography of St. Augustine."
Plutarch's "Lives."
Dryden's "Æneid."
"Canterbury Tales."
"Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.
Dante's "Divine Comedy."
Darwin's "Origin of Species."
"Arabian Nights."

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ANGLICAN CHURCH PROBLEMS "The law of God," appealed to by some Anglican clergymen as prohibiting marriage with the deceased wife's sister, is assigned by the High Court of England to the authorship of Henry VIII. The Vicar of Norwich, having debarred from the communion a worthy couple for disregard of that law after its recent repeal by Parliament, was condemned by the ecclesiastical Court of Arches. Its judgment has now been affirmed by the civil court to which appeal was taken. Lord Justice Darling laid it down that the convenience of King Henry in the controversy on the legality of his marriage with Katharine of Aragon, his brother's widow, was the determining factor in the legislation then enacted and now repealed. Whether the clergy of a State Church can successfully nullify State control is now the issue presented to the recalcitrants in this case. Another case of moment in which a wider interest is involved is the impending trial of Canon Henson for preaching in Birmingham for a Congregational pastor, in disregard of Bishop Gore's prohibition, on demand of a neighboring vicar. The Bishop and the Canon are cordial friends, and the trial, somewhat like a friendly suit, is to determine a mooted point of ecclesiastical law, of near interest to American Episcopalians. An Episcopal clergyman is prohibited from preaching within the territorial bounds of an Episcopal parish other than his own without the consent of the incumbent. Canon Henson shows that this rule antedated the rise of the Nonconformist Churches, and claims that its application cannot be stretched to these, but is limited to the Established Church, according to the original intent to secure Anglican congregations from disorderly intrusion. Should this claim be sustained in the court of final appeal, it would be influential for the "open pulpit" both in England and here. In behalf of this there is no flagging of interest. A bill for legalizing the interchange of ministrations between all Christian churches has been introduced in Parliament by a liberal Churchman, but at present has small chance of enactment. On the other hand, there is a slow but steady growth of sentiment among Anglicans in favor of disestablishment, and Bishop Gore has outspokenly declared for it with an influential voice.

THE MAKING OF CARLYLE

A new and large volume upon Carlyle seems at first a work of supererogation. The Carlyles have been analyzed, attacked, and defended from every possible point of view, until the world really wonders why they should not be left in decent privacy. Mr. R. S. Craig, the author of "The Making of Carlyle" (John Lane), is frankly a partisan. His biography produces a curious effect on the reader. While there is a conscientious effort to be absolutely just, his methods remind one of the gentle caress of softly furred cats' paws, suddenly discovering sharp claws for the laceration of poor Mrs. Carlyle. His especial grievance is, as he avers, that the lady never forgot that she was her husband's superior in birth. We sincerely wish the author would allow us to forget her foolish pride, if, indeed, she had it. From the time of her engagement to Carlyle to the very end we are constantly reminded that she married from "ambition." It is suggested that she actually proposed the marriage, from wounded pride, and though it is admitted that she loved and admired Carlyle, the claws dart out again and the poor lady suffers. It is evident that Mr. Craig had not seen the "Love Letters," published by Alexander Carlyle, and reviewed recently by The Outlook. We are told that Carlyle knew how to ride, but his wife was not at home in the saddle "for all her gentle birth." In the terrible strain consequent upon the destruction of the manuscript of "The French Revolution," Mrs. Carlyle never for a moment failed her husband; in his real moments of trial, "by letting him see that his fate was hers and *she* was not afraid, she nerved him for the battle." Yet on the next page the claws are uncovered, and we are assured of her "misreading and ignorance of the nobility of her husband's character." Froude is pardoned for his revelations, because she misled him, her fascination working a spell upon his susceptible nature. A large part of the book is taken up by undue emphasis upon absolutely trivial matters. The author's own statement as to what went to the making of Carlyle, in the end, ignores altogether the bulk of his contention—the vexing yet stimulating influence of the impulsive wife, provoking, yet well beloved and really loving. He says: "To the 'Making' of Carlyle went not only the old Scot's Calvinism and all hereditary traits, not only his genius as half consciously and unconsciously he poured material into the mould of his mind and gave it forth again restated in his own fashion, but also the faithful and generous friendship of men and women as noble, affectionate, influential, capable of helping and willing to aid as any friends man ever possessed from the beginning of time." Surely, after reading the author's estimate of Mrs. Carlyle, it is clear that she is excluded from these influences. We doubt whether Carlyle himself would so exclude her, with all her faults—and with all his.

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THE BANCROFTS So much depends on the point of view. Many of us have never lost our childhood enjoyment of the theater, especially those who are rather rare attendants. In "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years" (Dutton), which gives an account of the experiences of two successful actors—husband and wife, Squire Bancroft and Marie Bancroft—such people will find a triple enjoyment: first, that which is derived from some recall of almost forgotten plays and some glimpses of the world behind the scenes; second, the healthy moral tone of the book, equally free, on the one hand, from Pharisaism, and, on the other, from that disregard of moral considerations which sometimes is found in a purely artistic life; and, third, some very good stories. As illustrative of the moral tone we quote the following, and recommend it especially to such of our ministerial readers as are not above learning lessons from play-actors: "I have never forgotten a lecture which my mother gave me in order to impress upon me the necessity of making myself heard by the entire audience. She said, 'There is a poor man who is the last to get into the gallery, and has therefore only a corner in the back row of all, where he sees and hears with difficulty; he has been working hard and has saved his sixpence to give himself a treat. How dreadful, then, it would be to find that he cannot hear what the actors are talking about! how he must envy those more fortunate than himself! and how unhappy he must be! Think of him when you are acting; direct your voice to that poor man who is sitting at the very back of the gallery; if he hears, all the rest will.'" One illustration of the good stories must suffice: "After a terrible experience on arriving late at lodgings in a country town, he [H. J. Byron] complained to the landlady in the morning that he had been attacked by fleas. The woman retorted indignantly, 'Fleas, sir! No, sir, I am sure there is not a single flea in my house!' Byron replied, 'I'm sure of it, too; they are all married and have large families.'" The volume cannot be taken very seriously, and it is not intended to be so taken. But as a book of theatrical gossip it will prove innocent and entertaining reading to those who enjoy gossip. Such real illustrations of life interest some readers quite as much as the fictitious illustrations of life furnished by the novelist. We think the interest is not less legitimate.

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WOMEN IN TURKEY Mrs. Kenneth Brown, whose sketches of Turkish women have recently been published under the title "Haremlik" (Houghton Mifflin), has written in the Atlantic Monthly for May on the connection of women with the triumphant Young Turk movement. The movement could not have been as triumphant as it was unless the women secluded in the harems, as well as the men outside, had progressed in thought. Mrs. Brown, a native of Turkey, says that the Young Turk party having made way with Sultan Abdul-Aziz, and having deposed Sultan Murad, brought Sultan Abdul-Hamid to the throne, believing him to be favorable to reform—as at first he was. Abdul-Hamid accepted the Constitution, but never gave it a chance to live. He became an autocrat, and, being "a man of great intelligence and tremendous will power," it was no easy matter to depose him. Now "in order to force the Sultan to give back the Constitution and to permit progress and freedom of thought, he must be absolutely cornered and see no other way of retaining his own position. For this it was necessary to enlist in their cause the heads of all the departments and to gain the adherence of the army." But the Young Turks soon learned that much of their propaganda could be better carried on by women than by men. It was necessary to send women into the different harems to prosecute the work. The writer of the Atlantic article states that this was accomplished by actually selling women as slaves, and that when their work was done they were bought back again! But, in our opinion, women have done more than to help get victory for the Young Turks; they have prepared the way for their own emancipation in the Ottoman Empire. Hitherto Mohammedan women have always been shrouded in mystery. They have been hidden in their houses by latticed windows, and concealed in the streets behind heavy veils. Under the present Government this seclusion is disappearing. Indeed, at the very beginning of the new régime, last July, according to The Outlook's advices from Constantinople, many women threw off their veils. But conservative Turks regard the seclusion of women as a religious obligation. They say: "If this is freedom, namely, that our women are to become wholly immodest, then we do not wish either freedom or a constitution." The wisest of the patriotic women, therefore (so we now learn from Constantinople), are still wearing their veils, and, for the sake of peace, demand only the deeper rights of the new freedom.

THE LEGAL RIGHTS OF TURKISH WOMEN

At this distance we do not always realize that in one domain the experience of Mohammedan women has somewhat fitted them for the social development now apparently at hand. It is true that in the harems they have been slaves to their masters, but it is also true that they have had remarkable legal rights. A Mohammedan woman controls her own property, and has always done so, being able legally to buy, sell, or alienate it without consulting any male relative. Again, even in the darkest period of the old régime, it was possible for Mohammedan women, when property rights were in question, to plead their own cases in courts of law. It does not seem wholly unnatural, then, that Turkish women should follow the example of the women of other nations in establishing women's clubs. Several are already in existence at Constantinople. The president of one of them is Halideh Salih, the only Mohammedan woman in the Turkish Empire who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts. She has now been asked by the Department of Public Instruction to assist in reorganizing the schools for Mohammedan girls throughout the Turkish Empire. Such a distinction is also a direct compliment to this country, and adds another to the obligations of Turkey to America in educational matters. Indeed, Turkey owes more to America in this respect than to any other country, perhaps than to all other countries combined. For Halideh Salih is a graduate of the American College for Girls at Constantinople, the only college for the higher education of the women of the different nationalities of the Near East. Hitherto it has drawn its students largely from the non-Mohammedan peoples of Western Europe and Eastern Asia, with only a small sprinkling of Mohammedans. Now, under the new freedom in Turkey, all is changed. Mohammedan girls of the higher classes are entering this college, so its president informs us, and are already a prominent element in the student body. For married women, according to many, the new freedom has come too late, but not in the opinion of the authorities of this college. They promptly announced that they would also open classes for Mohammedan married women. The welcome result has been that a notable number of husbands enrolled their wives' names and introduced them to the college. Certainly education is the great need of Mohammedan women. Such an institution as the American College for Girls should be furnished with large equipment to meet the need.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN JAPAN

Recent marriages between Japanese and foreigners emphasize the increasing respect for the marriage bond in Japan. In old Japan the relations between husband and wife were not deemed sacred. Wives were lightly taken and as lightly put away. The proportion of divorces to marriages shocked Christendom. In recent years, however, the number of divorces has diminished to nineteen per cent of the total number of marriages a year, compared with thirty-four per cent ten years ago. It should be added, however, that a considerable proportion of divorce does not come under the notice of the authorities, for the Empire makes no provision for divorce courts as such. Most of the separations are effected by mutual agreement. Thus, out of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand divorces, covering a period of seven years, it is said that less than two thousand received any legal sanction. Aside from infidelity, it is supposed that the principal cause of divorce in Japan has been the clash of old and new ideas in regard to the equality of the sexes. The modern Japanese wife naturally inclines considerably towards American and European notions of woman's position. In any event, she is naturally more assertive of the rights accorded to her by the new legal code. Another cause of divorce in Japan may be the recent tendency to luxury and extravagance of living incidental to the increasing material progress of the nation, with the multitude of temptations to pleasures of a questionable character. In rural sections, however, where, strange as it may seem, divorce is found to be no less frequent than in the cities, the cause is believed to be of the same nature as in former times, when ignorance and low standards of living steadily contributed to domestic unhappiness, infidelity, or willful evasion of responsibility.

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THE BETTER WAY

There are three ways in which high-minded and intelligent men and women may deal with the theater: They may utterly condemn it and have nothing to do with it; they may accept it in its present condition as representing average human nature and discharge themselves of all moral responsibility for it; they may recognize the drama as an art and the theater as a place not only of recreation and refreshment but of moral influence, and discriminate between the good and the bad plays, the decent and the indecent theater; the clean, witty, wholesome, artistic drama, and what is known as the "gutter" play. The Outlook advocates strongly the last course, and there are signs that the community is waking up to its responsibility and to an acceptance of this way of expressing its responsibility. President Taft set an admirable example recently when he left a theater at the end of the first act because he regarded the play as an improper one. That was an effective form of protest; and it was a fine example set by the Chief Executive. At one of the theaters in New York City the owner recently notified the lessee, after the first performance of a certain play, that the play was indecent and he would not permit the theater to be used for its production. The play was withdrawn. There is no reason why decent communities should submit to the infliction and the contamination of "gutter" plays. No one wishes the theater to become a place for preaching, although in its greatest state and its best periods the theater has been a teacher; not didactically, but through the instrumentality of art. But every decent man owes it to his community, his country, and his children to insist that, as communities are protected from plagues, from foul water, from defective sewerage, they shall also be protected from public performances which contaminate and degrade.

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THE CORPORATION EXCISE TAX

The prime duty of the Republicans in Congress during the present special session is to see that the tariff is honestly and materially revised downward. Nothing should divert them from that task. Nothing, we believe, will divert the people of the Nation from watching Congress until that task is done.

A wisely planned reduction of the tariff will increase the revenues of the Government, and the people of the Nation expect from the present revision of the tariff a larger National income from tariff duties; but revenue is not all they expect from tariff revision. They expect relief from excessive cost of living and an improvement in the distribution of the tariff burdens. Therefore no other revenue measure can take the place of honest tariff revision.

According to some estimates, however, the increased income from an honestly revised tariff will not meet necessary expenses. If this is true, then in addition to a new tariff law there is need of a supplementary revenue measure. In other words, the Federal Government will have to impose some new tax. Shall it be an income tax, an inheritance tax, a stamp tax on bank checks and stock transfers and the like, or a dividend tax? All these have been suggested. In a special Message transmitted to Congress on Wednesday of last week, the President passes all these by as immediate sources of revenue. He does, it is true, express approval of the income tax; but he regards it as impracticable and undesirable without an amendment to the Constitution explicitly enabling Congress to impose such a tax. An amendment to this end he recommends. The securing of such an amendment is at best a long process. The tax on incomes as an immediate source of revenue he therefore ignores. Instead of proposing one of the other taxes mentioned, he urges an excise tax of two per cent on the net income of corporations.

This is not a tax on gross receipts, but upon profits. For example, if the gross receipts of a corporation amount to five hundred thousand dollars, and the expenses, including wages, amount to four hundred thousand dollars, the net income to be distributed will be one hundred thousand dollars. If an excise tax of two per cent is imposed, then out of that sum of one hundred thousand dollars, two thousand dollars will go to the Treasury of the United States, leaving $98,000 to be distributed in dividends.

In order to determine what the net income of a corporation is, the Government will have to employ inspectors, as it now employs inspectors to examine the affairs of banks. The Government already has the proper instrument of inspection in the Bureau of Corporations. The Government will need, not to create a new instrument, but simply to enlarge the present one

The advantages of such a tax are clear.

In the first place, it is a direct and straightforward method of raising revenue. Although the tax is not laid upon individuals, it is laid where it will be felt. The evils of indirect taxation arise from the fact that the person who pays the tax reimburses himself by collecting it from others in a different guise. Thus the person on whom the burden of taxation ultimately falls has no means of knowing how much he is really paying for the support of the Government. In the case of this excise tax, however, the burden falls upon the owners of the corporation after they have met the cost of production. If they attempt to escape the burden, they must do so deliberately under the eye of the Government.

In the second place, this tax is just, in that it is imposed on owners of property. A fair principle in taxation is that people should pay taxes in proportion to the benefits they receive from governmental protection. The man who has large property interests receives a larger degree of protection than the man who has but small property interests, and therefore should pay proportionately for that protection. In particular, those who own property in the specially advantageous form of corporate stock—a form which is secured only by virtue of the consent of society—ought to pay for that advantage.

In the third place, this tax is desirable because it affords one means for Federal control of corporations. As The Outlook has stated time and again, the problem of our great corporations is a National problem and can be solved only by the Federal power. The corporation as an organism has been and is essential to modern industry; but, as the President says, "substantially all of the abuses and all of the evils which have aroused the public to the necessity of reform were made possible by the use of this very faculty" of assuming corporate form. In his Message the President himself states emphatically the use which this excise tax on corporations will have in establishing the sovereignty of the Government over these mighty artificial beings. "If now," he writes, "by a perfectly legitimate and effective system of taxation we are incidentally able to possess the Government and the stockholders and the public of the knowledge of the real business transactions and the gains and profits of every corporation in the country, we have made a long step toward that supervisory control of corporations which may prevent a further abuse of power."

A Federal excise tax on corporations is thus sound in principle; it can be made practical of application; and it is likely to be effective as one means of securing a just industrial and political order.

THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE

It is one of the maxims of American politics that no men know less about public sentiment than professional politicians of the machine type. They have accurate maps, so to speak, of their districts, lists of voters, reports from district leaders, from chairmen of county committees and chairmen of State committees; but they are so engrossed in this mechanical census of public sentiment that their moral perceptions of what is going on in the community are fatally blunted. It is safe to say that almost every great moral movement has astonished the professional machine leaders. They have never known what was coming until the tidal wave swept them off their feet. It looks very much as if the leaders in the United States Senate were blind to the signs of the times. They are handling great issues from a local point of view; they are dealing with matters of the largest political importance as if they were merely business questions. They are, in a word, leaving the people of the United States out of account and taking counsel with men interested in various branches of manufacture. They do not seem to notice the rising tide of public opinion. Apparently they do not even read their party journals, which are beginning to warn them of the peril in which they are placing their party; a peril which would be imminent but for the fact that there is no organized opposition. Many of the Democratic leaders are as blind as the high tariff partisans with whom they are now acting. The tariff bill prepared by the Finance Committee, in the judgment of the New York Tribune, which has always been a high tariff paper, "seems to have been framed with a singular disregard, not only of public opinion, but of ordinary political caution. In dealing with a problem like the tariff, affecting strongly organized local interests, it is, of course, difficult for a body as susceptible to local pressure as the Senate is to subordinate special demands to the general advantage. The Senate is more or less particularist in spirit and tendencies and is usually inclined to the narrower outlook rather than the broader. Yet in the history of tariff making the upper house has never had a fairer opportunity than it has had at this session to drop particularism and to exhibit a liberal and an enlightened nationalism."

The Senate is ignoring the immense economic changes which have taken place since the passage of the Dingley tariff; changes recognized by Republicans and Democrats alike, and by no men more clearly than by many of those who are the strongest supporters of the tariff system. There is no question among those who study public sentiment closely and are in touch with it that the sentiment of the country as a whole demands a readjustment of the tariff in harmony with the economic changes which have taken place. Instead of such a readjustment based on principle, the Senate is acting as if revision meant a mere accommodation between conflicting interests, with an indifferent public looking on. The men who are now looking at the Senate are not idle spectators; they are not watching with sluggish interest what is being done with the schedules; they are following the discussion with deep interest. They understand precisely what is taking place in the committee rooms; they recognize clearly that the Senate, instead of being an august political body, as it is in the habit of calling itself, has become a kind of bourse, or exchange, where a great number of special interests are trading with each other to secure for themselves, each after its kind, what each wants. The people of the United States are entirely ignored; but the people cannot long be ignored. They will make themselves felt; and the Senate, instead of being a privileged body empowered with authority to settle matters as it chooses, is now at the bar of the country, which is passing judgment upon it day by day, and will hold it to a strict account. It has a great opportunity of dealing with the tariff question in a broad, statesmanlike spirit, without dealing with it destructively, or dealing with it other than as its friends. So far the leaders of the majority have shown no desire to do anything more than guard the special interests which are besieging the doors of the Senate Chamber. The Outlook strongly urges that majority to study the sentiment of the country before committing a blunder which may be fatal to the party, and which would assuredly be bitterly disappointing to the country at large.

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THE MARTIAN AND THE FARM

If the proverbial inhabitant from Mars were to visit an ordinary American rural school, he would be inclined to comment somewhat as follows: I notice that these Americans seem to think the raising of crops to be quite unnecessary; and that they are applying their remarkable intelligence to the task of depopulating their rural regions. They have the acuteness to see that if they are to drive people out of the country, they cannot begin with the adult population. Life in the open country is so alluring and natural that even when it has not been made as comfortable as it easily might be, it holds people fast. So these far-seeing Americans, in order to crowd people into the cities, where they obviously want them to be, have devised a campaign of education directed against the children. They have planned all their rural schools on city models. Even in such details as arithmetical problems, they see to it that the children's minds should be directed toward urban life. They so fill the field of a child's attention with the affairs of the town and city that they leave no room for the ideas that concern life in the open country. Year after year these Americans fill their children's minds with city ideals, and as soon as the children are liberated from school they leap for the city. It is a great task these Americans have undertaken, but they will finish it in a generation or two; and then they will have the satisfaction of seeing their land divided between the crowded city and the wilderness.

If this visitor were to be told that what he interpreted as an astute campaign was a mere matter of stupidity and tradition, and that the American people were really wondering how they could check the congestion of cities, he would be forced, out of decent respect for the people he was visiting, to be incredulous.

How can the child born and reared in the country respect the life of the farmer when the community in which he lives does not regard the farmer's occupation as worthy of study? How can he be expected to look with ambition toward agriculture as a vocation when he finds that training for it is regarded as less important than preparation for a clerkship? How can he think of village and rural life as anything more than a makeshift when he finds that in the school he attends there is not a word taught concerning crops or cattle or roads?

The people of Canada have already begun to apply their minds to the question of educating the children for life in the open country. Indeed, the movement toward increasing the efficiency of the country population has already been considerably developed. It owes its inception to Sir William Macdonald and Dr. James W. Robertson. The Outlook last year, and again last week, gave some account of Macdonald College, of which Sir William is the founder and Dr. Robertson is the principal. This college is the apex of a system which at its base will extend to every farming community in the Dominion.

In many cases boys have had to contend with the complaint from their own parents that farming is unproductive. The first business, then, was to give encouragement to the adult population, so that parents might be willing to have their children study animal and plant husbandry and domestic science. Speakers were therefore sent out, two and two, to tell what has been achieved in agriculture, to display diagrams and seeds, and to answer questions. The Dominion Government has established experimental farms (as our own Government has done). Schoolchildren have been taught to detect the destructive brown-tail moth, and encouraged to learn to distinguish noxious weeds and to combat them. Indeed, the Government has put into all school-houses books on weeds and samples of weed seeds. The Government is also sending out from time to time inspectors of fruit, experts in poultry and in cattle. The fairs, provincial and county, are becoming genuine institutions of agricultural education. Notably the winter fairs held at Amherst, Nova Scotia, and Guelph, Ontario, are really short course colleges which all may attend, tuition free, and where they may profit by demonstrations and lectures. So much for reaching the adults.

In order to reach the children, teachers must be trained. Several agricultural colleges are conducted in connection with the provincial normal colleges, and will tend to change the country school from the city type. Gradually the teachers trained in these places will change nature study to elementary agriculture. In time, possibly, the school garden and the school farm will be regarded as necessary as any other laboratory.

Canada is beginning to do systematically what we in the United States have been doing spasmodically and fragmentarily. Some day rural art, rural architecture, rural society and social customs will have dignity and distinction. But first we shall have to build as foundation, with educated minds as material, a sound rural economic system.

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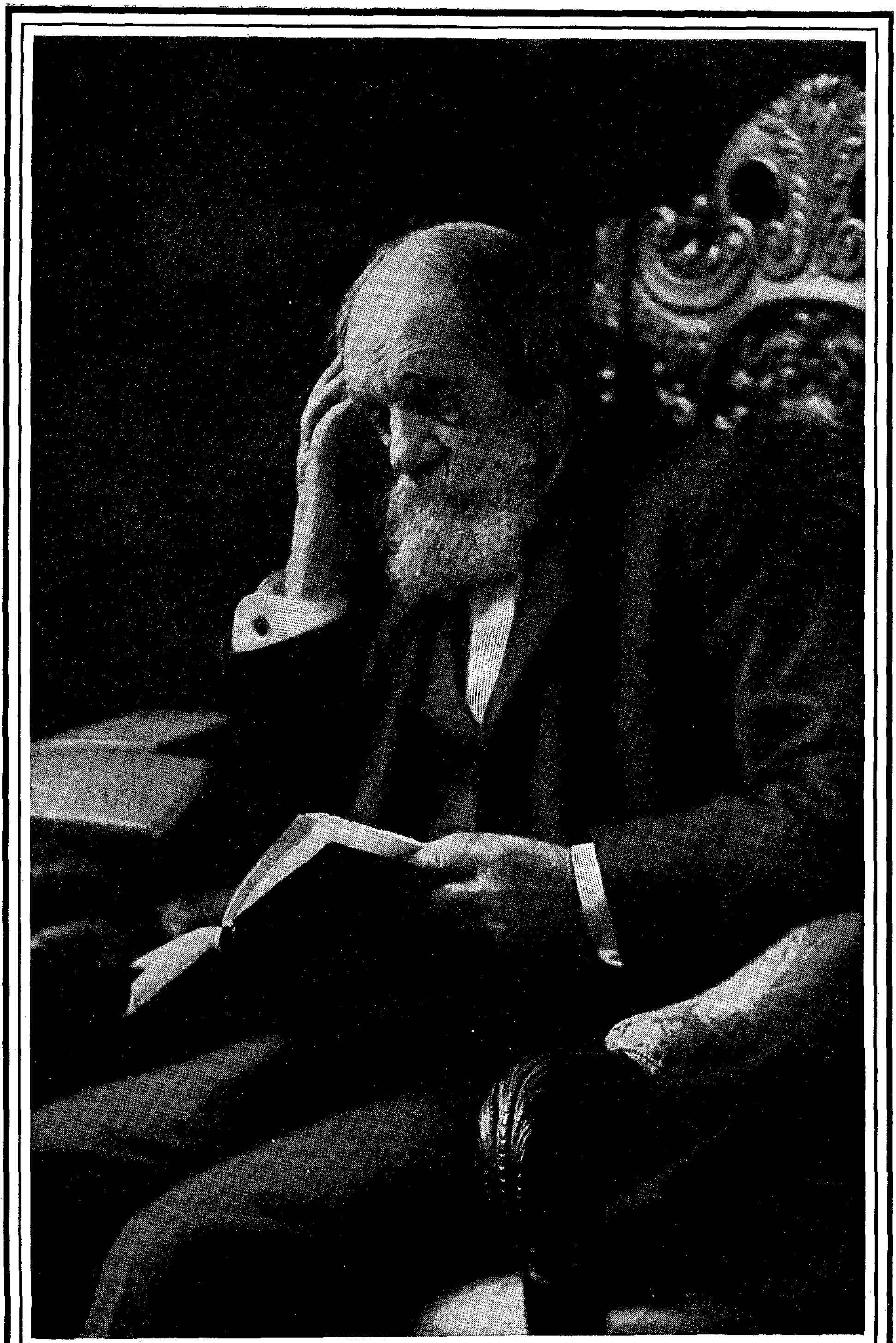
A DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRAT

During the last two weeks of this month the International Council of Women is holding at Toronto its fourth quinquennial meeting. The Council is a federation of a score of National Councils formed in various countries for the promotion of unity and mutual understanding between all associations of women working for the common welfare of the community. It seeks the highest good of the family and the State by furthering "the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom, and law." It provides a means of communication among the organized women of different countries; it secures an interchange of information, suggestion, and thought, and encourages mutual sympathy and co-operation among women everywhere who are working for a common end.

The Council has been fortunate in having for its President for the past five years, and before that from 1893 to 1899, the Countess of Aberdeen. Lady Aberdeen is unassuming and possessed of the sense of humor to which her Irish blood entitles her. She is a representative of the best that the English aristocracy produces, or perhaps we should say British, for her Irish blood is mixed only with Scotch. During more than a quarter of a century Lady Aberdeen has been in public life because she is the wife of the Earl of Aberdeen, who has been twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and for five years was Governor-General of Canada. It is hard to speak of Lady Aberdeen without her husband, or of Lord Aberdeen without his wife, for they have carried out in their life-work the ideal which Lady Aberdeen expressed several years ago at the University of Chicago. She deplored the tendency of men and women to organize on separate lines to accomplish common ends. The home, she said, is the world's safeguard, and men and women can protect it and develop its influence by working, not apart, but together; progress depends on the closeness of their relation to each other, morally and intellectually. In this spirit Lord and Lady Aberdeen have administered the great public offices which they have held. Coming into Ireland for the first time at a critical moment in the history of its relation to England, their influence perhaps more than any other has softened the inborn antagonism of the Irishman toward his rulers. The tact and skill of Lord Aberdeen and the graciousness and broad human sympathy of Lady Aberdeen won the hearts of the Irish people. In Canada the same generous qualities met with the same personal and official success. At their home in Scotland, where broad acres and hundreds of tenants have afforded them a more intimate but no less vital opportunity, they have shown that even the feudal system as it survives to-day need not be incompatible with the democratic spirit. By an irony of birth, Lord and Lady Aberdeen belong to what is called England's leisure class; but if there are two harder workers in the United Kingdom, they would be difficult to discover. They work without regard to any eight-hour rule or attempt at limitation of output; but they work for their fellow-men.

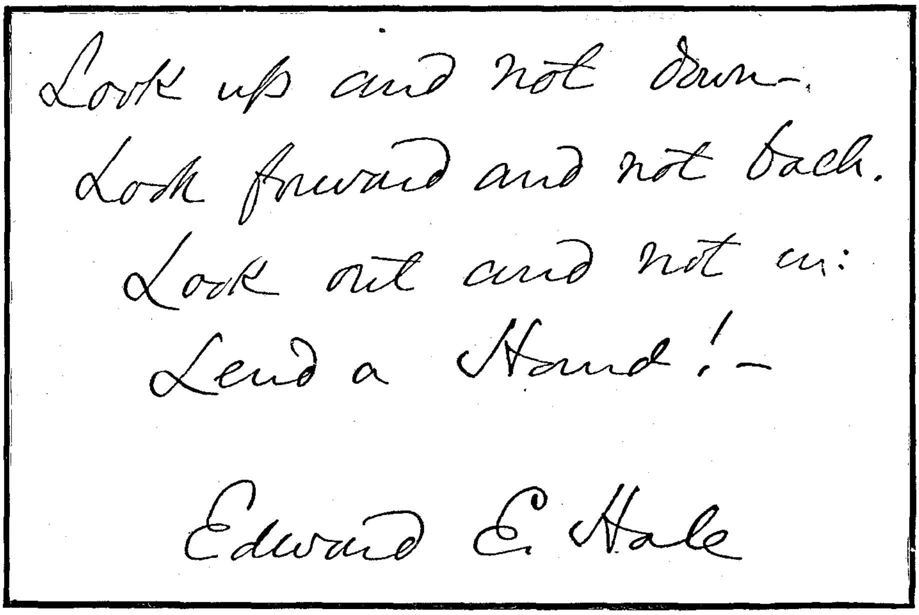
Ishbel Aberdeen
R. WEIR CROUCH

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



Look up and not down.
Look forward and not back.
Look out and not in:
Lend a Hand!—

Edward E. Hale

THE whole community suffers in the death of such an upholder and stanch advocate of sweetness and light, the liberal but truly religious spirit, Christian charity and tolerance, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

William H. Taft

FOR more than sixty years he had been a great and honored figure in the life of Boston, of Massachusetts, and of the country. He dies with all that should accompany old age: "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Yet he never really grew old. He was ever young in the warmth of his affections, the energy of his mind, the beneficent activity of his life. His distinction as a preacher, his brilliancy as a writer, are well known, but that which will be longest remembered will be his unwearied and unwearying service to his fellow-men.

Henry Cabot Lodge

CONSECRATION

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

Were I a crevice in a crumbling wall,
Mayhap some bird would let me hold her nest;
O blessed consciousness of home and rest!
I'd feel the throbbing of her tender breast
And hear her answer to her fond mate's call.

Or, failing this, I'd be the empty space;
'Twere better than a fullness less than best,
And reverent longing for a homeless guest
Would fill me, till my emptiness were blest:
Where welcome waits is ne'er a cheerless place.

* * *

To be the darkness when the lamp is out—
To free tired eyes from tyranny of light
Which limits them to trivial things of sight—
To hold the kiss of Love and know no fright—
O blessed darkness, thou art Love's redoubt!

I'd be the dark, earth's confidence to own;
The venerable darkness, first to hear
God's spoken word, and, trembling, disappear;
The first His clemency to know—to wear,
In equal reign with Light, a star-gemmed crown.

* * *

I'd be the silence, rather than the song—
The stillness which abides when it is sung;
And, better than the sun, its moons among,
I'd be the azure space in which are flung
All constellations which to God belong.

* * *

I'd be that last abstraction which abides,
Diffused, invisible, through time and space—
Which thinks the roses—holds the stars in place—
Which shines in radiance from a mother's face,
And, shy as opal flame, illumes the bride's.

I'd be the stir of life within the clod
When it conceives the image of a flower;
I'd be the throbbing secret of the bower;
Yes, *I'd be Love—my nothingness all power:*
But wait! How dare one say, "I would be GOD!"

THE BROWN GNOMES

ROBIN HOOD IN JONES STREET

BY ZONA GALE

ON the asphalt in Jones Street, in New York City, between its two rows of four and five story tenement-houses, a mid-May festival was kept: Merry Masque to celebrate the spring. Sixty costumed children of the tenements, to whom spring, by pressure of uptown engagements, had not been revealed, came forth, singing, from Greenwich House, and danced and made pantomime of Robin Hood, and wound a May-pole in the open street, as they would have done had they had a spring of their own.

It is doubtful if Jones Street, as a street, ever before took cognizance of a gentle season. For though in its one block of life, between Fourth and Bleecker Streets, west of Sixth Avenue, Jones Street has all the experience of a longer career—since in the one block live seventeen hundred folk, having homes, family lives, shops, hopes, and other concerns—yet it knows but two seasons: Summer falls on the street as on a prey, and makes it hideous. Winter sends it malisons of cold, and there is little fire to charm away the evil. But Autumn is known to Jones Street only because the Greenwich House window-boxes disappear and the two thin little trees before the house lose leaves. And the April leafing of these little gift trees and the May début of the boxes are not so much the voices of spring in the street as voices to the street telling that spring is somewhere else. So never until this year did the neighborhood speak its own May. And the merry Masque held both the tragic spirit and the deep grace of some true spring, as yet undiscovered and undiscoverable.

Fairies, green-gowned, butterfly-winged, with flower wands and wreaths, danced on the asphalt, as if they were in a wood near Athens. The May-pole, framed fast to the pavement, was wound by little white-frocked maids, singing as about a May-pole in an English meadow. Wood-gnomes, treasure-freighted, footed it across the street as down dim aisles underworld. And King Richard of the Lion Heart, his suite and his herald, met Robin Hood and his merry men, and made trial of them at archery as heartily as if they were drawing bow in the pleasant glades of Sherwood Forest. The drop of outlawry flows in the blood of the Latin as merrily as ever it flowed in Anglo-Saxon veins. Assuredly something of the spirit of long dead *bravi* stirred in the heart of Donati Filadelfo, stepping forth as Robin

THE DAFFODILS

Hood; of Teddy Rotini, as Friar Tuck; of Cæsar Bertini, as Will Scarlet, bestowing mighty buffets. The lamp of romance burns unsuspected in Jones Street, for it flamed in the little maids who, as daffodils, trod a measure on the pavement in all the grace with which some ancestor, long quiet, may have danced at the court of a Borgia; and certain fairy winds, too, wander there, else how did these seven-year girls from top floors back, and alley entrances, become other as soon as ever they were in their green apparel, and how did they know how to trip it so fantastically? The charm and distinction of the children are unguessed by the casual Jones Street passer, beset, if he chances to wear a buttonhole, by little human scraps beseeching him to "Give us a flower—aw, give us a flower!" At that May festival it was as if the children dropped this disguise of everyday, and came into their own; as if for those two hours the Old Witch lifted some sad spell and let them be themselves.

The daily programme of Jones Street children is to mind the baby, help with the dishes, get off somehow to school, hurry home to mind the baby, help with the dishes and breathe the air, hear the voices, know the hive life of the tenements; and afterward, in the evening, to put their arms about one another and race up and down the block, dodging balls, accosting passers-by, chancing on the magic of a puddle, getting hailed back to mind the baby. But on that May day, when somebody said the right word and for two hours broke the evil charm, the programme was this:

1. Robin Hood and his merry men, King Richard, many youths and maidens, with the gnomes and fairies of the forest, come forth singing to celebrate the spring.

2. The Daffodils tread a sprightly measure.

3. To sundry airs the Scottish lassies dance a Highland fling.

4. King Richard fares forth to Sherwood Forest to meet Robin Hood. He and his men disguise themselves as friars. They meet with Robin Hood and his men, who take from the king his purse of gold. Bringing them to the Greenwood Tree, the foresters offer them entertainment of archery. They hang a garland of leaves and flowers as a mark. Little John, Friar Tuck, Wat the Tinker, and Alan-a-Dale make trial of their skill, and Will Scarlet metes out to those who fail the punishment of a mighty buffet, which fells them to earth. Last, Robin Hood right confidently draws his mighty bow, and lodges two shafts within the garland. But the third arrow smites wide of the mark, at which the merry men make fine sport, and Will Scarlet would fain administer the buffet. But Robin, staying his hand, begs his punishing from the holy friar, who, throwing back his cowl, gives him

such a blow as sends him sprawling upon the greensward. Seeing the face of their king, the yeomen fall upon their knees. With gentle admonishing King Richard bids them rise, and together they take their way to celebrate a feast.

5. The tiny wood fairies weave a gracious coronet of flowers for their queen.

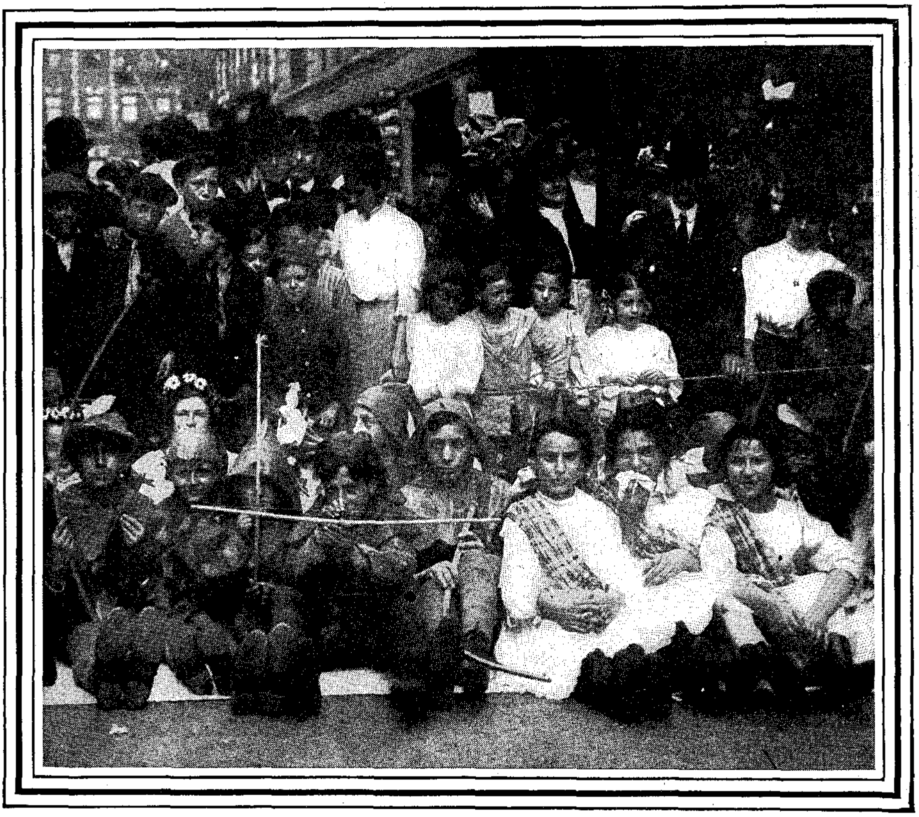
6. With mirth and revelry the joyous maidens wind the May-pole.

7. The brown gnomes bring tribute to the spring.

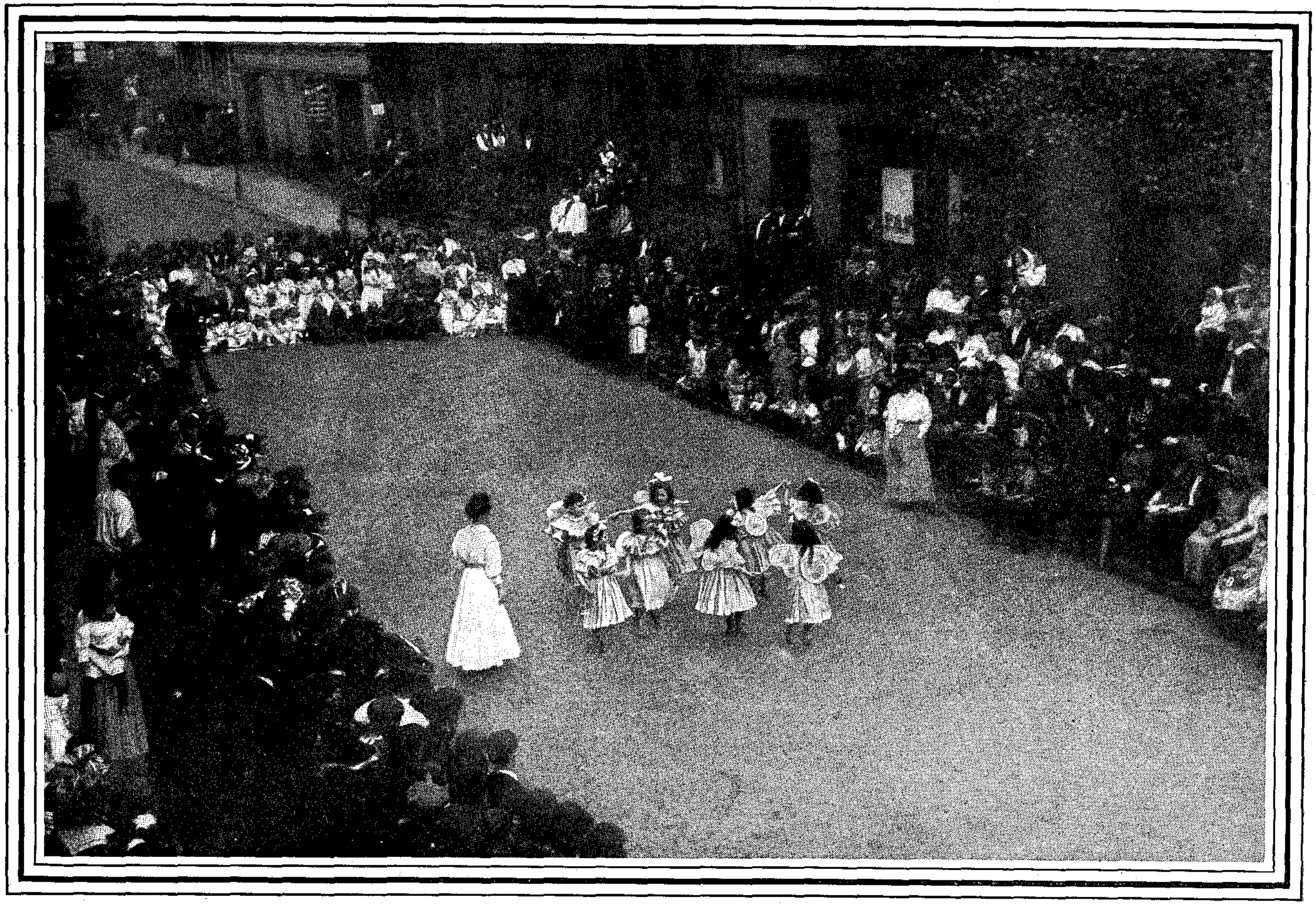
8. Until the setting of the sun they all make merry.

For Sherwood Forest there were only the two thin little trees, wired stout and high, before the settlement house, and set with the inscription: "This tree is a gift to all children. Be its friend." About the roped inclosure—the street, by President Ahearn's permission, being closed to traffic—were gathered the people of the neighborhood, and windows and fire-escapes and even roofs were filled with watchers. It was strange to see them crowding about to hear that spring was come. Perhaps they did not all hear. But the Masque was very merry and not a little sad.

For a month its preparation had gone on. For a month two or three evenings and afternoons of every week had been given to the dances. After school on certain days the steps of the settlement house swarmed with the littlest girls, mites of children in soiled calico and tight plaits of hair tied with calico strips; and when the door was opened, "Rehoisal of de fairies!" they shrilly explained themselves. Thereafter, in the bare kindergarten room, sometimes without music, they patiently went through their dance, over and over again, bowing and whirling, balancing on thin legs, clattering heavy boots, lifting stiff, slim little arms, giggling confusedly before an alien onlooker, crowning with an imagined crown their unkempt queen—a company far less native to a bank of wild thyme than are grasshoppers. Day after day Richard and Robin and the



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN; SCOTTISH LASSES ON THE RIGHT



THE TINY WOOD FAIRIES DANCING

KING RICHARD, ROBIN HOOD, AND HIS MERRY MEN IN SHERWOOD FOREST

ten men who were foresters and king's followers went through their woodland meeting, shooting imagined shafts at an imagined garland. Day after day the brown gnomes practiced their uncouth, stooping dance and their tumbling; the May dancers, indoors, on a bare floor, learned the winding of the May-pole, and in the cabined rooms daffodils and all were taught the songs to celebrate the spring.

> "Oh, we are jawly outlars,
> Green Shoiwood is our ho—ome,"

they had it; and

> "Up oily in de moinin' we,
> Ter trip ut o'er de green,
> Wid dance an' mirt' an' ruv-el-ree
> An' love ter grace de scene.
> Up oily in de moinin' we,
> Ter trip ut, trip ut mur-ril-lee."

But on the day of the Masque, when the thin little fairies were dressed in soft green crêpe paper, on their shoulders painted wings, and flower wands in their hands, their hair curled and topped with big bows; when Richard, crowned, was in his crusader's cloak and sword, and Robin and his men were in Lincoln green with quivers of arrows on their backs, it was as if somebody had thought of the right word, and suddenly the children had all come true.

"What is a fairy?" a visitor asked the littlest girls.

"Her voice is soft!" "She does t'ings for folks!" "*We're* de fairies!" the fairies answered.

There was only one tragedy. At the last moment the underclothing of one fairy was found too poor and ragged to be a foundation for fairy apparel, and she had to remain a little girl.

When the guests were assembled, and the piano had been set on the sidewalk, and the violin music wandered thin through the amazed street, it was not only the children, marching and dancing in gray spaces, who held the eye. There comes weekly to Greenwich House a mothers' club of thirty women—young, old, and all tired; and those whose work would let them do so were on the curb that day—puzzled, on the whole pleased, but emphatically proud; and it was as if they and their neighbors, as a part of the spectacle, momentarily saw the truth: that their children, who had magically developed such charm and distinction, had somehow

IN LINE FOR THE CELEBRATION

THE BROWN GNOMES AT THEIR FROLIC

stepped *through*, to somewhere else, and were no longer their own, but strangers. What the mothers said was: "Look at Achilles! Look at Rosa La Rosa! You couldn't know 'em!" But another might have put it that these were children of the age, of the community, capable of becoming another kind of being if they could get their chance, if somebody would keep on speaking the word that let them come true.

The last number on the programme meant, for the performers, ice-cream in the back yard at Greenwich House, where the little formal garden in the court was gay with tulips, and about the arbor over the sand-pile there was budding green, and where the door to the little Greenwich House studio—which used to be a wash-house—stood ajar, so that one divined its brass and copper shining in the open fire-light. And out there in the yard, in one of the elements of humor which lightened the hour like wings, there was an incident that is an answer to everybody who says that these children are different from his own. Pricked on by pride, the mother of one of the little brown gnomes penetrated to the yard and stood watching, with a smaller boy clinging to her skirts. To her the little brown gnome darted, in his hand the plate of three kinds of ice-cream, to which, as a performer of the day, he was entitled, and he cut off a third of his slice and crammed it in the mouth of the little brother who, having had no part in the programme, was ice-creamless. Somehow, to those who saw the distinct misdemeanor, it was as if a certain hope abroad in the world gave news of itself.

THE JOYOUS MAIDENS WIND THE MAY-POLE

The lighter significances and uses of the hour of the Masque were multiple: To add another to the list of gayeties and activities which make the settlement attractive to the neighborhood; to familiarize the children with an English classic; to stimulate their interest in the things mentioned in the Masque; to instruct them in music, in form, color, dance; to tell them about beauty; to give them the benefit of the drill and the influence of the rehearsals; to help in various developments of social consciousness—all these counted for something. But the reason for the Masque and its chief value lay in providing the children in Jones Street with a bit of their rightful heritage—Play.

The theory of the merry Masque was that, whether in Jones Street or farther uptown where spring comes of its own accord, a child is a child. And when the cherishing households set about giving pleasure to their children, they do not say, "Now what shall we teach our child by his birthday party?" "What Christmas gift shall our child have that will do him good?" But the vital question is, "What will she like?" "What will give him a good time?" And the wisdom of this point of view explains the whole rationale of the introduction of a masque as a masque, of play as play, to Jones Street, where certain things never come true.

If it is true that the great social malady needs other ministry than the little curatives, at least such a merry Masque as this of Robin's is eloquent in exposition of an ill. But if here a little and there a little, here a door and there a window, can in reality help to bring in the new order, then it is something to open one such window.

THE WOOD FAIRIES, MAIDENS, AND A GROUP OF SPECTATORS

PORTO RICO UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG

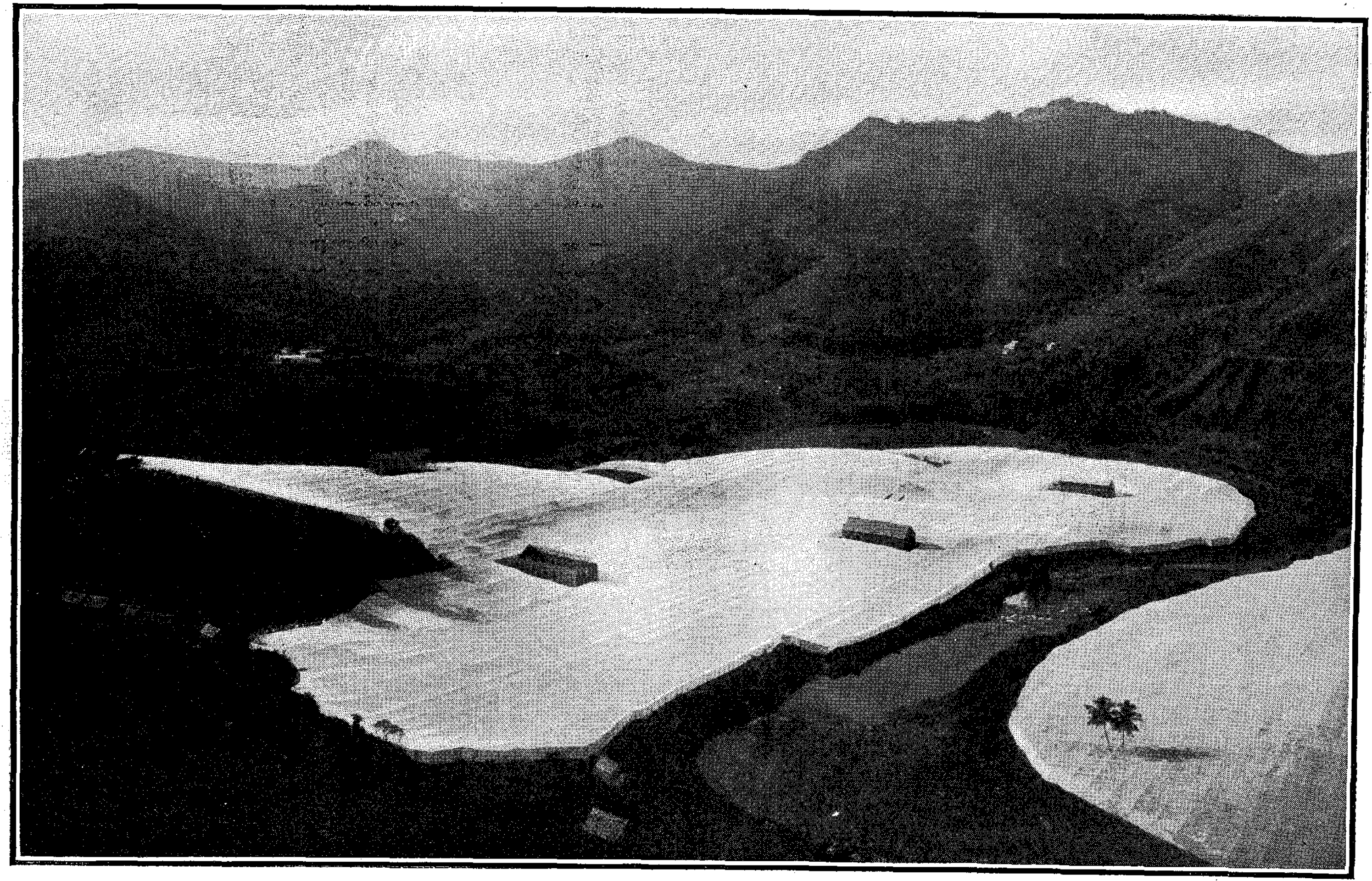
In February of this year, Dr. Lyman Abbott, accompanied by Miss Abbott, his daughter, made a tour of the island of Porto Rico. The two articles here printed from their pens are a product of that trip. The question of the right policy in the Government of Porto Rico has recently been raised by a visiting delegation of Porto Ricans. If the people of the United States are to deal intelligently as well as justly with the island, they must both know the physical environment in which the Porto Ricans live, which is described in the first article, and understand the political, social, and economic forces at work there, which are interpreted by Dr. Abbott in the second.—THE EDITORS.

An Orgy of Color

We had gladly bidden farewell to the dreary northern February, and welcomed the warmer days of our southern voyage. We had left behind us the roar of ugly New York, and enjoyed in perfect quiet the deep blue water upon which floated patches of mustard-colored seaweed, and out of which fluttered an occasional flying-fish. As I came from my cabin to find our boat anchored at Ponce, I felt as if I were centuries as well as miles away from New York. I looked upon the blue-green sea, the stretch of beach from which rose a line of w[illegible]alm trees, and behind which towered arid mountains whose amethyst tones pervaded the whole landscape. It seemed so much like the Biblical pictures of my childhood that my mind kept expecting Pharaoh's daughter to appear in the clump of feathery bulrushes at the edge of the water. A flock of pelicans was flying in and out among the schooners, and about our bow swarmed little skiffs, whose chattering boatmen waited with impatience to take us to the shore. When we reached the dock, the automobile awaiting us in almost conscious splendor amid the bullock-carts and pannier-laden little horses seemed an anachronism. It was one, however, to be enjoyed, for the post-chaise would have made a wearisome journey of what later proved to be a swift and easy trip among the mountains.

After three days spent in barren but delightful Ponce, we climbed the marvelous new road across the island. We passed gorges filled with trees, the brilliant masses of whose brick-red blossoms, unrelieved by any foliage of their own, were set off by the rich dark green of the mango and the brighter and more curious plantain. Here and there appeared a tree whose white-backed leaves—a synonym for turncoat in the Spanish—across the gorge looked not unlike our flowering dogwood. Each sharp curve brought us new vistas of great beauty. We watched the violet shadows on the distant hills, and caught glimpses of the turquoise sea beyond. As we reached the mountain tops we were whirled beneath acacias with a feathery foliage to a fascinating Spanish town. In the garden-like plaza we were glad to rest and refresh ourselves with native oranges. Then on again we went. Huge verdure-topped crags lowered above us on one side, and on the other was revealed below us a calm green valley. On its floor two little streams called rivers took their quiet way between the hills, on which the palm trees one by one seemed struggling to the top. Finally we reached the northern coast, where cane-fields appeared greener, water bluer, and breakers whiter than on the other shore. We missed, however, the purples of the desert mountains, but rejoiced that the ubiquitous and ever-welcome palm tree had crossed the ridge which separates the barren south from the luxuriant north. It was here, after we had left the coast, that we realized a part of our imagined tropics in the heavily shaded roads, but it was here, too, that we recalled the Shawangunk Hills at home in the rolling country, the wooded valleys, and the views of distant mountains from our road along the cliff.

During our two days' trip we hardly lost sight of one group of houses before we



A TOBACCO PLANTATION

BRINGING BANANAS TO MARKET

reached another. Some, in villages, were of loosely put together boards, and some, lined along the roadside, were of palm bark and palm leaves. Often in fine weather before the door a naked youngster played about a tethered pig, and from among a near-by group of older children a lean dog ran in heedless joy to chase us. When it rained the mothers set their well-soaped babies in the road, so that they might enjoy an outdoor shower-bath.

The unassuming houses of the upper classes faced the narrow streets of larger towns, and the only space about them was a shady garden at their rear. When we went within, we found them large and airy, and the old-world courtesy and quiet hospitality of their masters lent them both dignity and charm. Narrow streets led from the outskirts to the center of the town, where houses painted in soft blues and pinks formed plazas round the weather-toned old Spanish churches. Here, as it was a time of carnival, the people gathered gayly in the evening to listen to the music of the local orchestra or watch the dancers enter the masked ball.

After a day in one of these towns snuggled among the hills, we wished the more to know Spanish, though we realized that a mutual language was unnecessary to the expression of hospitality. A bunch of tiny fragrant violets from the hands of a black-eyed baby, and the shy smile of a little girl of five whose pink bow seemed to nestle among her dusky curls, welcomed us to the home of a Porto Rican gentleman. We stayed on to enjoy a hearty and delicious breakfast concluded by a cup of coffee which, like one's perfect horse, could be expected but once in a lifetime, and we left with roses in our hands and cordial feelings in our hearts. Even in the most primitive of hotels, and primitive they are, our hosts spared themselves no trouble that we might have every comfort they could give us.

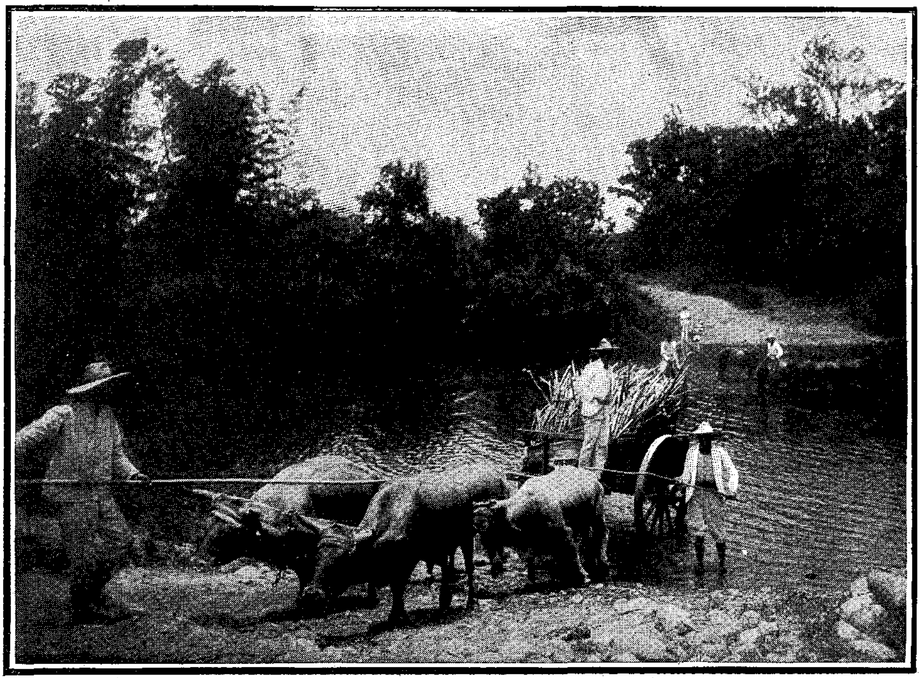
Though there is always time for friendly service and though there is no strenuous energy, there is no loafing. Sometimes we saw the people gathered round the brook, converted picturesquely to the semblance of a fountain, to get the water for their daily needs, or sometimes saw the women in bright-hued cotton garments pounding on the stones the garments which they had lifted dripping from the streams. As we rode along the roads crowded with carts of sugar-cane the bullocks caused their drivers no little trouble, but the men jumped cheerfully from their load to lead the handsome though unwieldy animals to the wayside that we might pass. The riders of the tiny overburdened horses sprang from their backs in great excitement, while the patient little beasts only gazed in mild astonishment at our car and the commotion it had caused. We smiled at the horsemanship, but found it good to be in this land of

> "Ups and downs,
> All smiles and no frowns."

At Arecibo we left the automobile and took the little staggering train through orange groves, cane-fields, and plantations of pineapples to San Juan. The harbor there constantly reminds me of the Bay of Naples, although the tropical palm tree replaces the Italian olive, and a fortified old Spanish wall shuts out the encroaching water from the irregular city. A bit of this rough wall shrinks back behind two salient lichen-covered portions. One of these, upon the right, juts out as if to meet some surf-fringed islands that shut in the harbor, and the other, on my left, protects the Government House upon three sides, and guards it with an old stone sentry-box built on one corner of the wall. Beyond this, across the ultramarine bay and past a glint of yellow sands, rise cone-shaped, verdure-enveloped hills and sapphire mountains. From this strategic point upon the fortifications in the late afternoons we watched the sunset turn the water to a gorgeous opal, and listened to the refreshing murmur of the sea. Then, as we sat in silence, the soft afterglow touched mountain, bay, and city with a gentle beauty that brought a pleasant melancholy and made one linger on past dreams as Lamb did "on that other Elia."

My visit to Moro Castle at noon made my eyes merry with color. It was like a second visit to Athens, or yet more like being in the sunlight and clear air of a picture by Passini. The castle is a charming bit of rich, creamy Spanish architecture rising from an indigo sea to an intense luminous blue sky.

Sometimes one needs must wonder whether our civilization, like our opaque sky, is not too heavy for this little island. The needs of a people are few in a land tempered to a southern race, and therefore trying to the unshorn Anglo-Saxon lamb, and the cheerful poverty makes us question whether character born of endeavor will compensate for content lost in a struggle. The problems were so perplexing and yet so interesting that we were loth to leave, but on the appointed day we bade San Juan farewell and commenced



HAULING SUGAR CANE

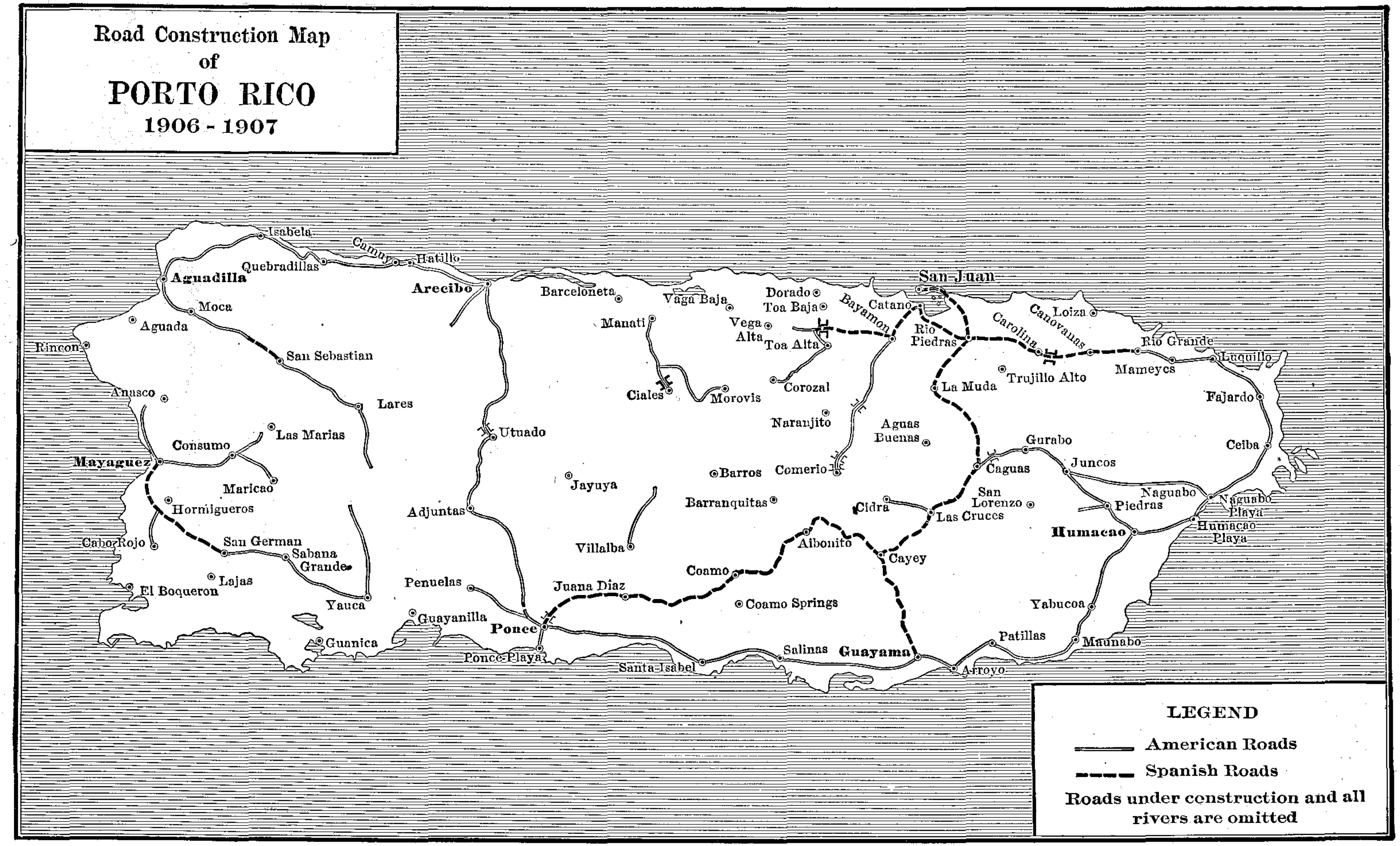
A NATIVE HUT

our homeward journey. We took the famous military road under rows of glossy-leaved coffee trees up past a mighty sweep of mountains, unlike anything that we had seen before. The tobacco covered with white gauze was like fields of snow caught in their hollows. Then, after a long look through a peaceful valley to the Caribbean Sea beyond, we were ruthlessly carried on to Ponce. There in the harbor our boat awaited us.

B. V. A.

A Maze of Perplexing Problems

In November, 1493, Columbus landed for water at Aguidilla on the western coast of Porto Rico. A monument marks the spot where he filled his water-cans. A mile below, in the town subsequently built upon the shore of the sea, the villagers continue to this day to come night and morning to this same stream to fill their water-cans. The water-works of Aguidilla in 1909 are practically identical with those of 1493. The fact is typical. The civilization of Porto Rico, under Spanish domination, remains as nearly stationary as it is possible for civilization to remain in a progressive world. Save for one splendid military road across the island, and some fragments of incompleted roads at different points, the only means of access from the interior to the coast, or from one interior town to another, were trails traversable only on horseback, and often so narrow and precipitous as to be available only for the sure-footed and specially trained ponies of the island. The sugar-mills were small and of ancient pattern, and the sugar cultivation primitive; foreign capital feared to invest where government afforded no confident assurance against revolution. The so-called coffee plantations were fields of wild bushes, comparable to the blueberry lots in Maine, with a product of two and a half or three hundredweight to the acre, as against twice that amount in Brazil and three times that amount in Costa Rica. One regular Spanish steamer a month and an occasional and irregular steamer from France or Germany supplied all the commercial facilities that were required. Schools in the rural regions there were none; they were few and inadequate in the large towns; I believe there was not a single building erected specifically for school purposes. The Government, until nearly the close of the nineteenth century, was a feudal despotism in which the people had little nominal and no effective part. The religion, that of the Spanish Roman Catholic Church, was ascetic and ceremonial. Protestant and Roman Catholic have united in assuring me that probably not over two per cent of the


Road Construction Map
of
PORTO RICO
1906 - 1907

Isabela
Camuy
Hatillo
Quebradillas
Aguadilla
Arecibo
Barceloneta
Vaga Baja
Dorado
Toa Baja
Bayamon
Catano
San Juan
Loiza
Canovanas
Carolina
Rio Piedras
Rio Grande
Luquillo
Moca
Aguada
Rincon
San Sebastian
Lares
Manati
Vega Alta
Toa Alta
Ciales
Morovis
Corozal
Trujillo Alto
Mameycs
La Muda
Fajardo
Anasco
Las Marias
Utuado
Naranjito
Aguas Buenas
Consumo
Mayaguez
Maricao
Hormigueros
Jayuya
Barros
Comerio
Gurabo
Juncos
Caguas
Ceiba
Adjuntas
Barranquitas
Cidra
San Lorenzo
Las Cruces
Naguabo
Piedras
Naguabo Playa
Humacao
Humacao Playa
Cabo Rojo
San German
Sabana Grande
Villalba
Aibonito
Cayey
Lajas
El Boqueron
Penuelas
Juana Diaz
Coamo
Coamo Springs
Yauca
Guayanilla
Ponce
Guanica
Ponce Playa
Santa Isabel
Salinas
Guayama
Arroyo
Patillas
Yabucoa
Maunabo
LEGEND
American Roads
Spanish Roads
Roads under construction and all rivers are omitted

population habitually attended church. Their religious scruples were satisfied by annual or semi-annual attendance on special feast days, or on the rare occasion of a visitation to the town by the Roman Catholic bishop, when the whole population turned out to greet him, the parents bringing their children for baptism or confirmation, or coming to have a long-delayed marriage ceremony pronounced for them after a score of years of practical and entirely loyal but wholly unconventional wedlock.

Such was the condition of the island, jogging along on the whole contentedly under the domination of the most antiquated feudal government in Christendom, when it woke up one morning to find itself suddenly passed over to the control of the most modern and the most democratic of governments. How to adjust sixteenth-century habits to twentieth-century ideals is the problem which it has been given America to solve. It is a cause for self-gratulation that, whatever mistakes have been made by America's official representatives here, they are conscientious and intelligent, and are going about the difficult work which has been intrusted to them in a very wise fashion. They are not attempting to Americanize the island; to convert it into a Massachusetts, a South Carolina, or a Colorado. They are giving to the islanders what our ancestors gave to us—just laws justly administered, a free press, free speech, free schools, and free religion—and are leaving the islanders, under temporary guidance and lessening restraint, but with very considerable financial assistance, to work out their own self-development as we have worked out ours.

The Government may be briefly described, as to its general features, in a paragraph. The chief executive of the island is a Governor-General appointed by the President. There is an Executive Council of eleven, five of whom are required by law to be Porto Ricans, six of whom are in fact Americans. These six are also the heads of the chief executive departments. This body is also the Senate. There is a House of Delegates, elected by universal suffrage, which corresponds to our House of Representatives. There can be no legislation without the approval of both these bodies. No legislation, therefore, is possible without the approval of the Porto Ricans, as represented by their elected House, and the approval of at least one American in the appointed Executive Council.

The income of the island is derived from two sources—insular and federal taxation. All the income from insular taxation, less ten per cent which does little more than pay the cost of collection, is turned over to the municipalities or townships to be expended by them, and is thus free from American control. There is absolute free trade between the United States and Porto Rico, but all imports from foreign countries into Porto Rico are subject to United States customs duties. This income and that from the internal revenue taxes is all paid over to the insular government, and constitutes considerably more than half the income of the island. This money cannot be expended without the consent of both the Executive Council and the House of Delegates. Thus all the moneys collected by direct taxation from the islanders are expended by the islanders; while the moneys collected by the Federal Government are expended only by and with the consent of the Executive Council appointed by the Federal Government.[1]

What have been the results of ten years of American occupation under this system of government? And what do the Porto Ricans themselves think of these results? In investigating these questions I spent eleven busy days on the island. Every facility was afforded me except one: I have no knowledge of the Spanish language, and therefore was compelled to rely upon an interpreter. But the gentleman who accompanied me—Porto Rican by birth, English by education—was thoroughly familiar with both languages and both civilizations. A better intermediary could not be conceived; and I had opportunity to converse freely with representative men of almost every class and of certainly every opinion: lawyers, judges, doctors, merchants, editors, teachers, sugar-planters, coffee-planters, sugar-grinders, leading politicians of both the great political parties of the island, men accounted pro-American and men accounted anti-American, men of Roman Catholic faith, of Protestant faith, and of no defined ecclesiastical faith. I talked but little with Americans, because it was the opinion of the islanders and not of the Americans that I wished to ascertain; and not at all with the Jibaros (pronounced Hée̅berōs), a peasant class, because conversation with them is impracticable through an interpreter. I have every reason to believe that those whom I met talked to me freely and frankly, both because I was at pains not to express my own opinions, and because their demeanor and language gave conclusive evidence of their frankness.

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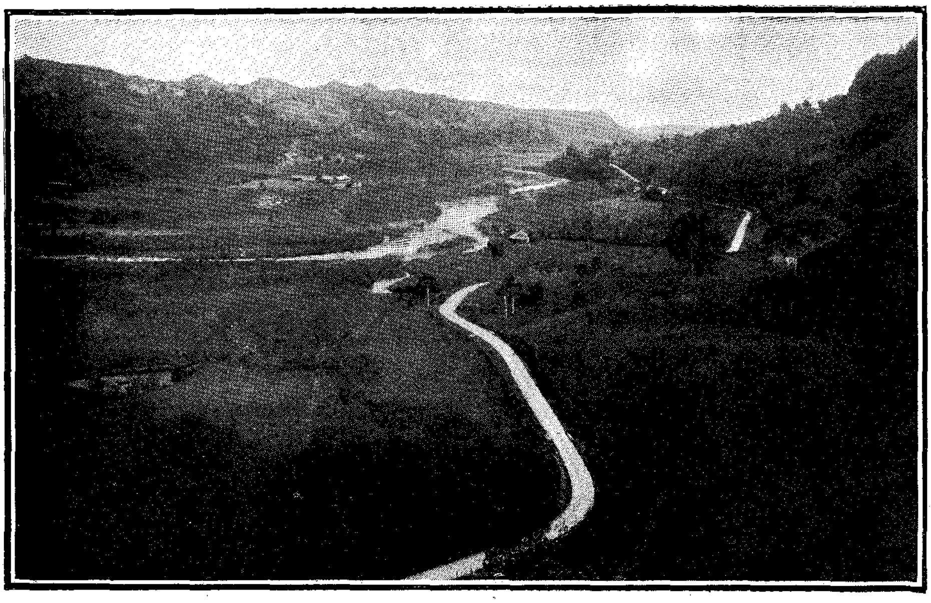
[1] I have repeated this summary of existing political conditions, already reported in The Outlook for April 3, because it is absolutely necessary to an understanding of present conditions, and because I have found not only Americans here but some Porto Rican residents uninformed on the subject.

The Times, published in San Juan, Porto Rico, is mistaken in saying that "the Governor or his private secretary was always present, and naturally the persons who talked to Dr. Abbott were under a certain constraint," that "no Republican in Ponce was seen," and that "when Dr. Abbott saw Leader Muñoz and, later, Speaker de Diego, Secretary Noble was present." Governor Post was never present at any interview, and carefully abstained from talking to me on governmental matters until my interviews with the various Porto Rican leaders were over, nor did he suggest to me the persons with whom he wished me to talk. In these respects I thought him overscrupulous. Not until the day but one before I left did I have any conversation with him concerning political parties and conditions in the island. Almost immediately on my landing at Ponce I had a lengthy interview with two of the principal leaders of the Republicano party who lived in that city, but Mr. Noble was not present; nor was he present at an interview of equal length granted me by another prominent Republicano leader on my return to Ponce. Neither Governor Post, nor Mr. Noble, nor any other American was present during my interview with Senor Muñoz. My impressions of the political parties and their platforms are not derived from American representatives of the Government, with whom I had very little conversation on political themes, but almost exclusively from my interviews with Porto Rican leaders in both the political parties. Perhaps the Times will kindly give to its readers this paragraph, or the substance of it, as a matter of justice to itself and to Governor Post and Mr. Noble.

That the islanders are in a more prosperous condition than they have ever been under Spanish rule was the testimony of every one with whom I talked; there was not a single exception. I heard of one pessimistic conservative who lamented the good old days, but I heard only of one, and he was not regarded seriously by my informant. The wholesale dealer whose trade had been lessened because retailers now buy directly from the United States, the coffee-planter whose profits had been diminished by the Spanish tax imposed on coffee imports into Spain, the Spaniard whose patriotism led him naturally to regret the days of Spanish rule, all agreed that the island was much better off than it had ever been before. The old-time sugar mills have been supplanted by those of newer and better construction, one of them being said to be the largest sugar mill in the world. The one monthly Spanish steamer has been replaced by fourteen monthly American steamers. In some agricultural sections land has risen in value from ten to one hundred dollars an acre; in the vicinity of San Juan the increase has been much greater; nowhere have land values fallen. Wages have generally increased. If there has been any decrease in the coffee districts, it has, I judge, been more than made up by the increased wages paid by American tobacco-growers. Roads have been built in every part of the island, so that now there is no township that has not a good automobile road to the sea, and in a few years all the towns will be similarly connected with each other. Bridges are gradually taking the place of fords and ferries, which rains not infrequently make unusable. Wherever the road has gone the cost of transportation has been materially decreased, in one specific instance from a former charge of a dollar a hundredweight to twenty-five cents or less. Along these roads civilization finds its way, so that, as one observant resident informed me, a year after a road is opened any one can see the improvement in sanitary conditions, bodily health, character and quality of clothing, and largeness and cheerfulness of life. Every town has its graded school, with school buildings which architecturally might well serve as a suggestion for some of our town school boards; and rural, or, as we should say, district, schools are being rapidly multiplied throughout the country; while provision for teachers to carry on the work of education is made by a well-housed and well-organized normal school. An army surgeon, Dr. B. K. Ashford, has discovered not only the cause of the anæmia which was the scourge of the islanders, and which previous authorities had erroneously attributed to insufficient food, but also a cure for it. Two hundred and fifty thousand cases have been successfully treated, and under the new law, if I understand its terms aright, every municipality will be provided with a hospital with some means of local treatment for the sufferers, and every school will be required to give some instruction respecting sanitary habits necessary to stamp out this disease effectually and finally. An engineer from the Rocky Mountains has been brought to the island, and under his supervision, aided by a corps of American engineers, surveys are being conducted and plans perfected for an American irrigation scheme, which promises to relieve the sugar lands on the southern side of the island from the periodic droughts with which sugar cultivation has now to contend. And the reader should remember, what I think the Porto Rican sometimes forgets, that the expense of building these roads, of this medical service, of this irrigation plant, and for the most part of these schools, is paid out of the Federal, not out of the local, taxes.

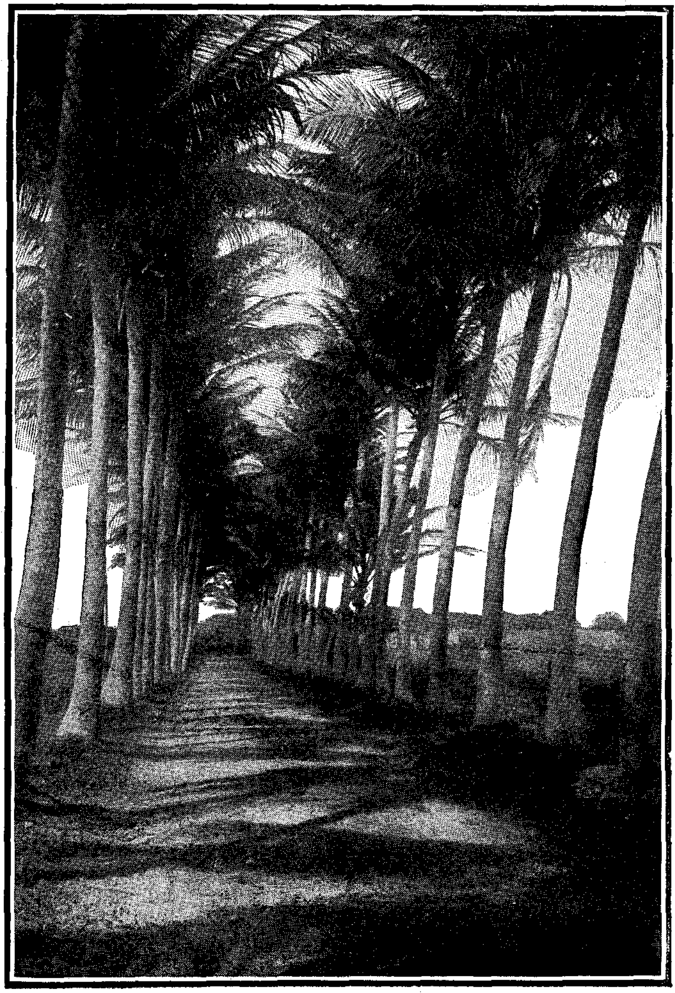
I had heard that there was a strong anti-American feeling in the island, but I could not discover any signs of it. Those with whom I conversed either denied its existence or attributed it to others who in turn denied it. A merchant in one of the coast towns intimated that I should find it in the coffee districts, but I met no more cordial supporter of the American Government than in one coffee-planter in the part of what had formerly been the most prosperous coffee district of the island. There are two political parties, Republicanos and Unistas. The Republicanos assured me that I should find the anti-American sentiment strong among the Unistas; but the only ground for this statement I could find was that the Unistas do not desire, as the Republicanos do, American Statehood. And in that I agree with the Unistas. In automobiling in our own country I have not infrequently met scowling faces, or heard the ironical hoot-



THE MANATI-CIALES ROAD

ings of the children as I passed a group of them at the school-house door. The greetings of the Porto Rican children were always a welcoming shout or a cordial "Adio," as we sped by, and I do not recall a scowling face from a single bullock-driver or horseback-rider, though we put them sometimes to no little inconvenience. One Sunday afternoon we reached, by a newly opened road, an interior town to which the Roman Catholic bishop had just come for some special service. The whole countryside had turned out to greet him. That an occasional American has offended the punctilious Castilian pride by his tactlessness, and in one well-authenticated case by his intolerable boorishness, and that in elections a few demagogues have attempted to make political capital by anti-American harangues—much as in our last Presidential election some men of similar type attempted to make capital by class and political appeals that met with no response—furnish little ground for general charges of wholesale dissatisfaction.

But there is a practically unanimous feeling among all classes in Porto Rico for self-government. This is not due to any sense of practical injustice suffered under the present administration. I asked two Spanish judges their opinion respecting American law and American procedure. They both affirmed that the change from Spanish to Anglo-Saxon criminal law had resulted in better opportunity for self-defense to the accused and greater expedition in trial. I asked one prominent



THE PALMS OF SANTURCE

A GROUP OF NEGRO CHILDREN

Republicano, "What can America do that she has not done?" His prompt reply was, "Give us American citizenship." When I asked him what practical reform in law, industry, or education he desired to follow American citizenship, he suggested nothing. I asked one of the prominent Unistas the same question. In response he laid no emphasis on citizenship, but called for a Senate elected by limited suffrage, not appointed by the President; but he also had no legislation to suggest from such an elected Senate. I heard the present Government severely criticised, but when I asked for particulars the only specification furnished by the Republicanos was that the right men were not appointed to office, which I interpreted to mean that Republicanos were not so appointed. The only specification from the Unistas was that the system was not a system of self-government. One Republicano critic alleged that the schools were not well managed. I asked for particulars. Is attendance falling off? No; increasing. Is the curriculum changed? No. The teachers? More Porto Ricans are appointed; to that the Porto Ricans made no objection. All I could learn was that the appointment of School Inspectors did not satisfy my informant. He thought the Commission had been playing politics. Here again I judged that the real trouble was that the Republicanos had not received as many appointments as they thought themselves entitled to. For when I learned that the supervising principals are required to be graduates of colleges or normal schools, with experience in teaching, or to secure a principal's license by examination, and that they must be able to read, write, and speak Spanish, and that the three General Superintendents were graduates of Columbia, Boston, and Michigan Universities, and all with from five to sixteen years' experience in teaching, I could not take the charge of "playing politics" very seriously.

I judge that the Governor and his associates are acting on the principle recognized and acted upon by the Governors in all self-governing British colonies—they are politically co-operating with the party in power. This seemed to me to be the real substance of the complaints preferred, and the dissatisfaction felt by the Republicanos with the present administration. The Unistas offered no objection to either the men or the administration. They objected, so one of the most eminent of their leaders told me, only to the system. At my request the Speaker of the House of Delegates, who may therefore properly be regarded as officially representing the dominant party in the island, stated his objection to the present system in a letter, which I here incorporate in an English translation:

House of Delegates of Porto Rico,
Office of the Speaker,
San Juan, March 1, 1909.

My Dear Dr. Abbott:

Agreeably with your suggestions, I place before you in this letter the reforms which could be embodied in the "Organic Law of Porto Rico" to satisfy the just aspirations of our people. In this aim it would be indispensable:

(1) To separate the legislative and executive powers, abolishing the Executive Council, wherever it confounds both powers.

(2) To constitute the legislative Assembly of two Chambers: one, the Chamber of Delegates in the same form in which it exists to-day; the other, the Senate of Porto Rico. The Senate could be composed of twenty-one members, three for each one of the seven districts in which the island is actually divided, or may be divided. Both bodies should be chosen by popular election.

(3) The chiefs of department should be nominated by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Senate of Porto Rico, the Governor being named as he is to-day by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

The objection to this plan, when I presented it to one well-informed American resident, was that, in his judgment, a Porto Rican Senate would never consent to the appointment of any heads of departments which they did not themselves select. The action of the United States Senate in dealing with a class of Presidential appointments—though not with Cabinet officers—gives considerable warrant for this apprehension in Porto Rico. In my judgment—and it is founded on a fairly wide and, I think, unprejudiced inquiry—the Porto Ricans make no objection to anything which the insular Government has done or left undone. Their objections are solely to the method in which the Government is organized and to the degree of control still exercised over insular affairs by the United States Government. These objections are based on the desire either to control the public expenditures, or to hold the public offices, or to have exclusive control of public affairs. To the severest critic of the present administration I put the question squarely, "Is there any corruption or graft?" and received for answer, "No. We do not charge them with that." One American put the Porto Rican view before me clearly and tersely in a parable. "When I was a boy," he said, "I knew that my father could make a better kite than I could make and could fly it better, but I wanted to make and fly my own kite." It seemed to me unfortunate that there was no one to explain to the Porto Ricans that they did make and fly their own kite; that all that the Americans asked was some voice in determining how a kite should be made and managed, the materials for which were furnished out of the Federal treasury. But American officials are too busy in their legitimate work to take part in political debates, and they are, I think wisely, disinclined to take such part even if they had the time.[1]

The desire for self-government is general, but there is no general agreement either as to the method by which it should be secured or the machinery by which it should be exercised. In fact, there is nothing in the island that can properly be called public opinion. An autocratic church and an autocratic government, which discourage, if they do not absolutely prohibit, free discussion, do not tend to promote among the people a habit of thinking together. Under such a rule the multitude get their opinions from their leaders, and the leaders do not confer together for the purpose of reaching a common conclusion. In an autocratic government the opposition of a minority is regarded as a revolt to be suppressed. When the government is elected by universal suffrage, it is democratic in name; but it is not democratic in reality, until the minority is regarded as an opposition to be respected and listened to and considered. The form of government in Porto Rico is democratic. It will be some time before the political spirit of the people ceases to be autocratic. At present there is no mutual self-respect, no endeavor to get the opposite point of view, no real effort to come to a common understanding. Thus when two years ago the island was carried by the Unistas, one of the foremost leaders of the opposition party elected to the House of Delegates could

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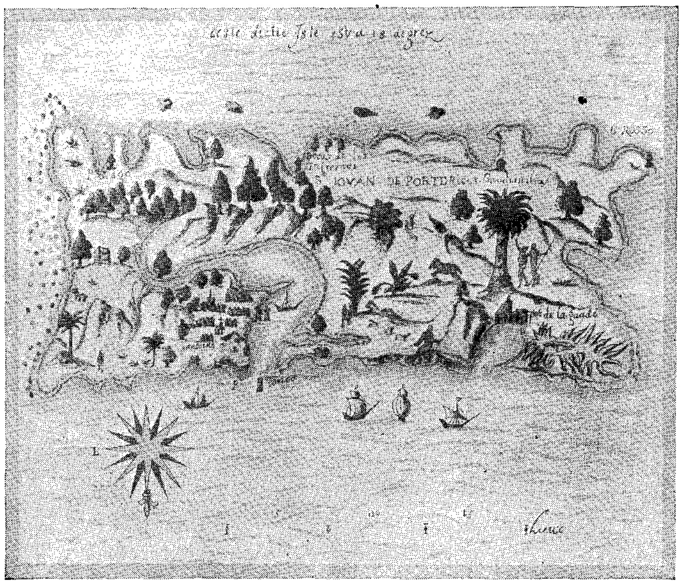
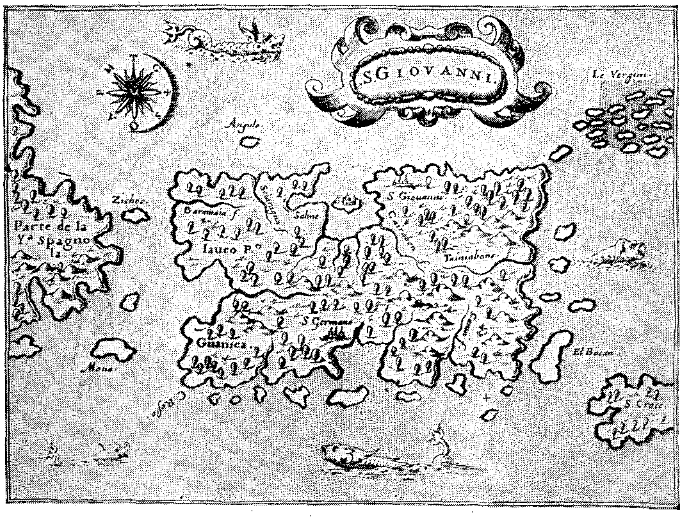
[1] Since this article was put in type a Porto Rican delegation has appeared in Washington with complaints of injustice, but this delegation really confirms what I have said in this article, since it presents no instances of practical wrong committed on the islanders: the complaints are confined to a condemnation of the political organization of the insular government.


S. IOVAN DE PORTORICO

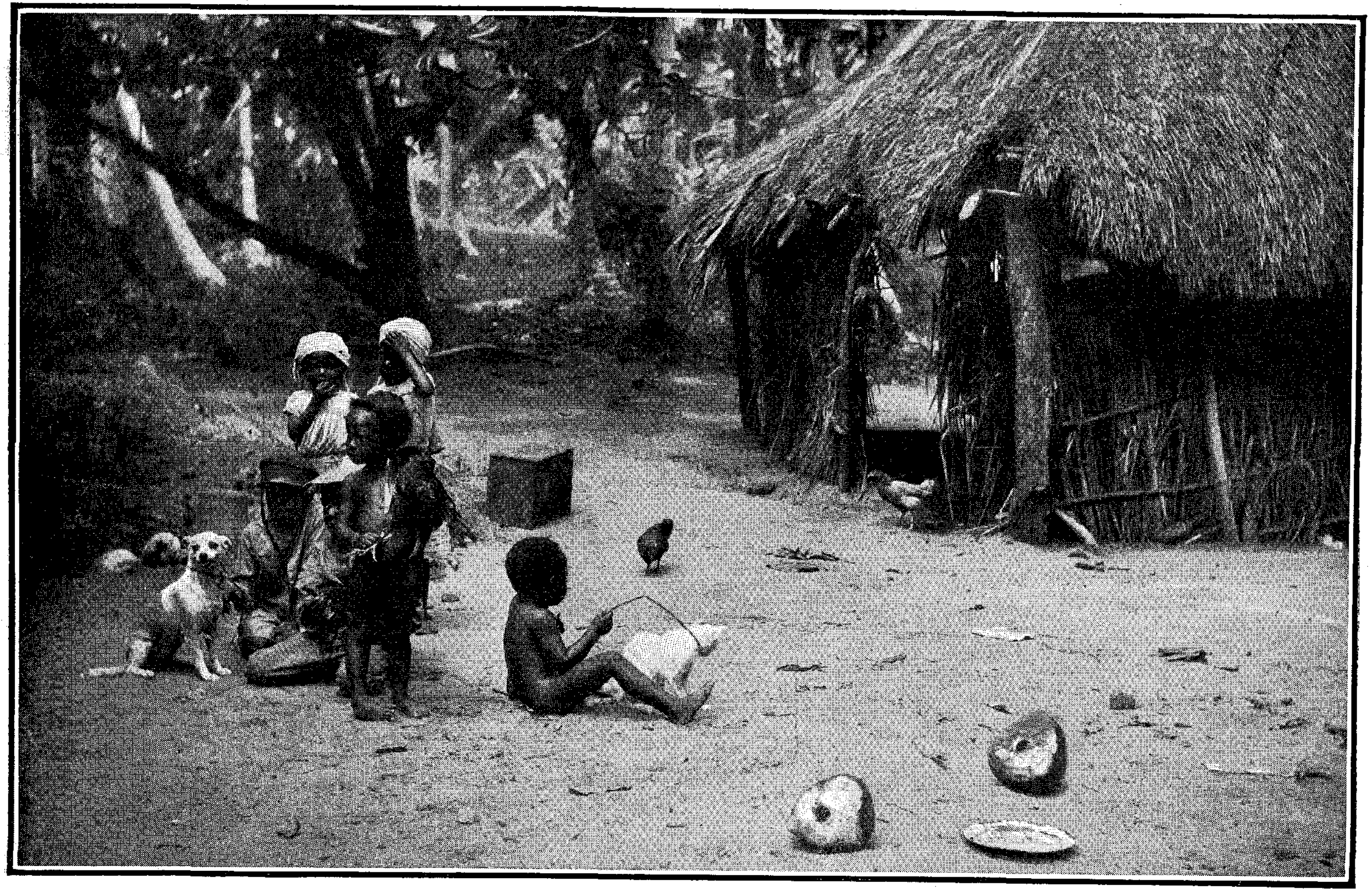
MAP OF PORTO RICO

This map by Thomas Porcacchi, made in 1576, is the exact size of the original. It is one of the earliest maps made of Porto Rico by itself, and is older by 150 years than the first map in the Library of Congress catalogue.


S GIOVANNI.
Le Vergini
Angulo
Zichoe
Parte de la Yª Spagnola
Baramaia f.
Salme
S. Giouanni
Iauco P.º
Tainiabone
S Germano
Guanica
Mona
El Bocan
S. Croce

MAP OF PORTO RICO

This map by Samuel de Champlain, 1599, is slightly reduced. It was issued with the English translation of Champlain's voyage by the Hakluyt Society about 1850. The original manuscript was in the Library of Dieppe, France, but now has been acquired by the John Carter Brown Library in Providence, R. I.



NEGRO HOME LIFE IN PORTO RICO

with difficulty be prevailed upon to take his seat. "What is the use?" he said. "I am in the minority, and the minority can do nothing." In his opinion that the minority could do nothing he was probably correct. This year, when the Unistas have every seat in the House, one member, because his bill was unfavorably reported by a committee, left the House in high dudgeon and could with difficulty be persuaded to return. Under such conditions I cannot report what is the public opinion in the island, nor even what are the principles of the two political parties. I can only say what, in my judgment, are their tendencies. The Republicanos are eager for immediate citizenship, desire a continuance of the present form of government, with a large representation of the Porto Ricans in the Executive Council, and look forward to eventual Statehood. The Unistas are only mildly desirous of citizenship, are urgent for an elective Senate, and look forward to autonomy under an American Governor-General in a relation analogous to that of Canada to Great Britain. If this describes correctly the tendencies of the two parties, as I think it does, I should be a Unista if I lived in Porto Rico. In my opinion, Statehood would be advantageous neither to Porto Rico nor to the United States; but the reasons for this opinion I do not go into here.

The same lack of thinking together is seen in industrial as in political matters. There is a universal agreement that the coffee trade is in a bad way, but no agreement as to the remedy even among the planters themselves. One proposes industrial education; a second, government bounty; a third, the invitation of private capital; a fourth, a reciprocity treaty for the free importation of coffee into Cuba, and a similar reciprocity treaty with Spain. The two latter propositions were the more general favorites. I found no planter or merchant who had any enthusiasm for the proposed tax by the United States on foreign coffees, or who thought that it would be of any great advantage to Porto Rico, though all were quite willing to try the experiment if we were willing.

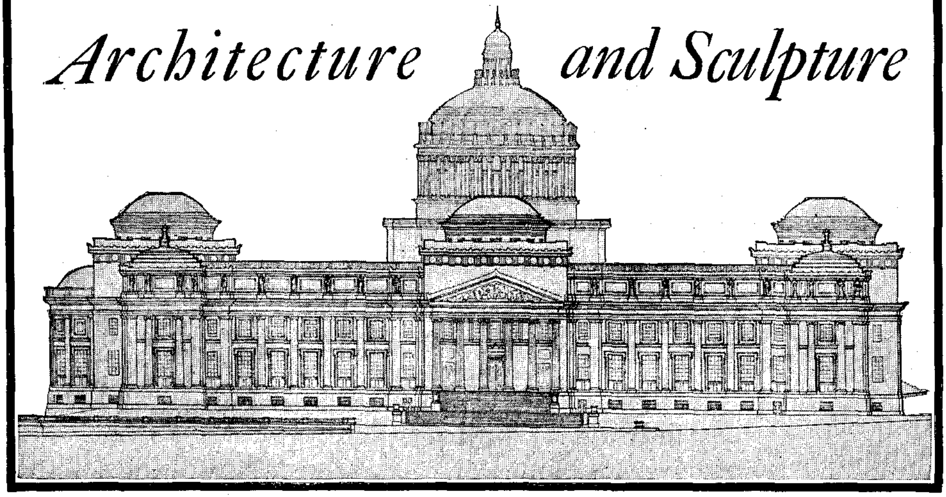
I have left but little space to give my impressions of the people. It is as difficult to describe a Porto Rican as an American. What do we mean by an American?—a Southern planter, a Philadelphia merchant, a New England college professor, or a Colorado cowboy? The island of Porto Rico is small, but the population is exceedingly heterogeneous. Spaniards, aborigines, immigrants from the Canary Isles, negroes, and native Porto Ricans have freely intermarried. What we ordinarily understand by pure blood is rare. I was told that the only way in which I could safely distinguish a Porto Rican from a negro or half-breed was by the straightness of his hair. I have come back from the island with a strong confirmation of my belief that Mr. Bryce and President Eliot are quite right in counseling against any intermarrying of the white and colored races, and that the South is quite right in its intense hostility to such admixture of bloods. I do not wonder that when a group of unmistakably negro children is palmed off by some magazine as a group of Porto Rican children the Porto Rican is indignant! They are Porto Rican children just as much as and no more than a similar group in South Carolina are South Carolina children. The Porto Rican planter, merchant, or professional man is a gentleman of education, social culture, and practical ability. His home is unpretentious in its exterior, but within is furnished with every comfort. In social intercourse he furnishes an example of old-time courtesy from which modern Americans might well learn a lesson. He is a shrewd and successful business man. When, immediately after the American occupation, some unscrupulous mercantile adventurers came to Porto Rico to exploit the islands, they found themselves overmatched by the natives on whose business simplicity they had counted, and after a few months left the island for the island's good. These Porto Rican gentlemen invariably live in the towns. I do not think we saw in our eleven days and two or three hundred miles of automobiling anything that could be called a country residence of the better class, except possibly in the immediate suburbs of San Juan or Ponce.

The peasant class is uneducated, ignorant, superstitious, good-natured, fixed in habits of life which it is extremely difficult to alter, temperate—I did not see a drunken man on the island—unsanitary through ignorance, but neither ragged nor dirty. Men, women, and children are characteristically industrious. The Jibaros rise with the dawn and work steadily until evening, the usual hours of agricultural labor being practically from six to six. There is much poverty; judging from appearances, the proportion of landless poor in the country districts of Porto Rico is much greater than in the country districts of any of our Northern States; but there is little wretchedness. I would much rather live in a Porto Rican shack than in a New York East Side tenement. I did not visit the interior of any of the palm leaf houses which an accompanying photograph represents to our readers. It seems to me as impertinent to investigate the homes of the poor as the homes of the rich in order to report on them to curious readers, and I see no reason why a journalist should forget that he is a gentleman. But the missionary appealed to my sympathy in vain with her picture of a cabin open on every side to the winds of heaven, with no bed but the floor, only coffee without sugar for breakfast, and only bananas, plantains, beans, and codfish for dinner. In a country in which the houses of the wealthy are without glass windows because air is just as important as light; in which the breakfast of the wealthy is called "coffee," and consists only of coffee and a roll; in which clothes are worn only for propriety's sake—the less of them the greater the comfort; in which in the best hotels there are no mattresses, but for coolness' sake only a coverlet spread over a wire-woven or canvas cot, there is small call to pity those whose shelter is open to the wind but impervious to prying eyes, whose "coffee" differs from that of their wealthy neighbors because it is without sugar, whose garments are neat and never ragged but very sparse, and in the case of the little children wholly wanting, and whose bed is the floor or a shelf along the wall. Doubtless the Jibaro is insufficiently fed and his physical condition needs improving, but charity can find greater occasion for its exercise nearer home. His greatest needs are not physical but intellectual and moral. In a land where any man can build an adequate house in a month, where fuel is needed only for cooking and not much of it for that, where meat is not in great demand and fruit can be had for the picking, and where tailors' and dressmakers' bills are reduced to a minimum outside a small circle in the larger towns, fifty cents a day probably constitutes as comfortable a wage as does a dollar and a half in our more exacting and inhospitable climate. For the climate of Porto Rico, as we experienced it in March, is a delightful contrast to that of the North Atlantic States. To me it seemed more luxurious than that of either Italy or Southern California. The average range of the thermometer, winter and summer, is from 70° to 80° on the coast, though it sometimes, but rarely, falls to 50° in the mountains. The ocean winds temper the air, which we found neither oppressively hot in the middle of the day nor uncomfortably cool at night. Simply to live was a luxury; and, unless our experience was exceptional, Porto Rico ought to become a favorite midwinter resort for Americans.

I went to Porto Rico to study conditions and report on them. The visit has helped to make much clearer to me the general principles which should guide us in our dealings with all our territorial possessions not upon the continent of North America. These principles I shall hope to interpret and apply through the editorial columns of The Outlook from time to time as occasions may arise which call for their application. But I cannot close this article without expressing my admiration for the Americans who have gone to Porto Rico as representatives of the American people to give to the Porto Ricans just and equal laws, sanitary and economic advantages, popular education, and liberty founded thereon. I wonder when I see what they have already accomplished in so short a time. I am stirred to indignation when I read in American newspapers political diatribes that accuse them and the Nation which they represent of imperialistic spirit and tendencies. And I tender to them my sincere admiration for the courage, patience, and ability with which they are carrying on the work of educating a community in the difficult and unaccustomed art of self-government.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

An Alliance of Architecture and Sculpture



BY WILLIAM WALTON

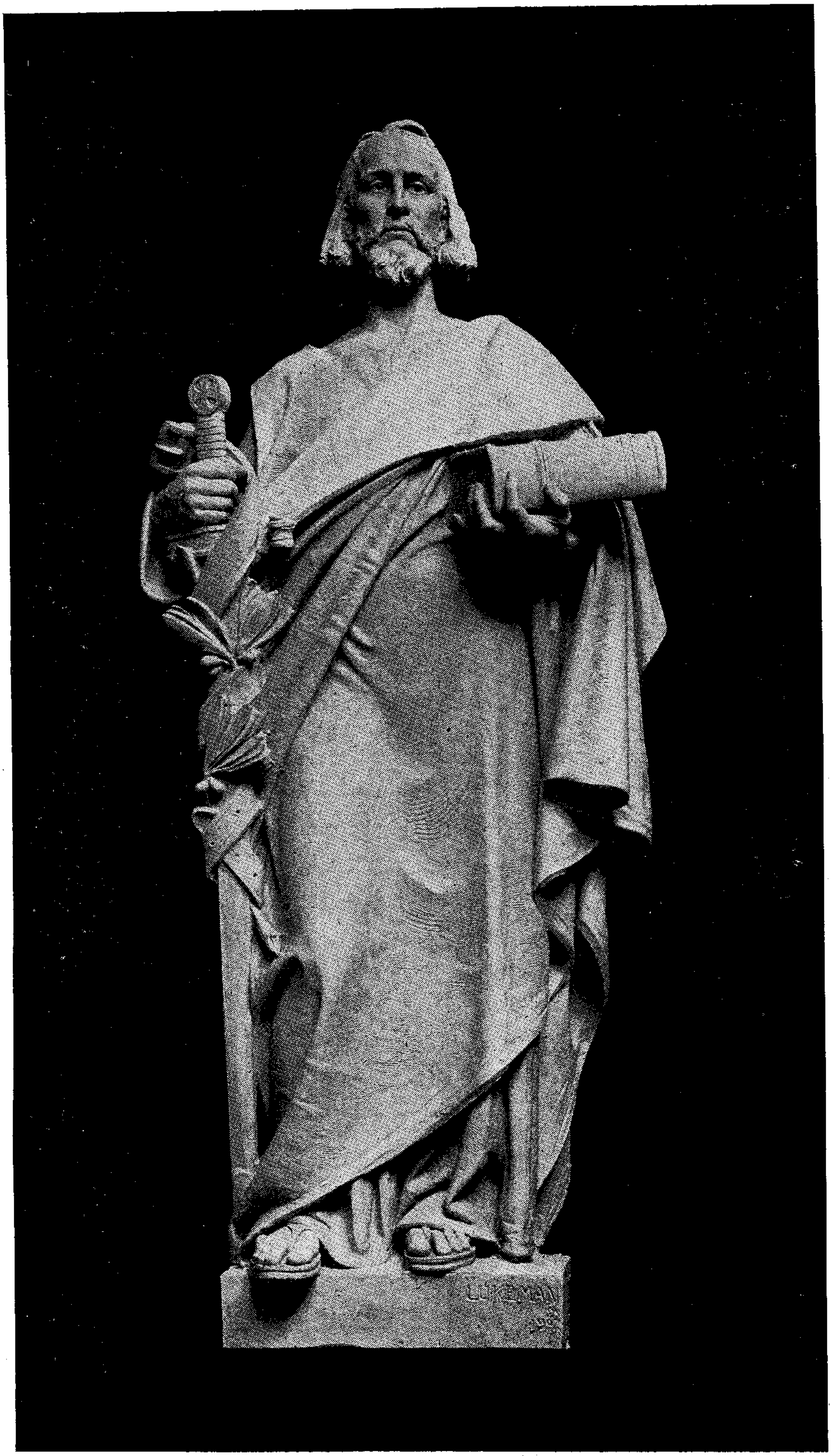
THE appointment and designation by the authorities of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences of the eighty statues placed by the architects of their new Museum Building along the cornice of the four façades will carry into execution one of the most comprehensive and intellectual works of monumental art in the country. At the same time, it constitutes a serious attempt to solve practically, for the first time among us, the difficult problem of architectural sculpture on a large scale. For various reasons, partly through necessity, the contemporary sculptors have apparently given their minds a somewhat wider range than the contemporary painters, and in their monumental and decorative work especially have departed more widely from the modicum presented by the model before them. It may be said that the striking characteristic of the modern school of painting in the United States is its devotion to technique and the almost complete abandonment of those aspirations for spiritual, imaginative, and even historical expression which distinguished much of the work of the earliest days. That collaboration with the scholar, the poet, or the divine, that seeking of theme and inspiration from them, which has distinguished so many schools of painting, has almost disappeared from among us, with the exception of a few mural decorations. Of the easel pictures, very much the larger portion in the contemporary galleries, both figure and landscape, consist of studies, more or less important. So that this imposing demonstration in the sister art becomes all the more notable.

It was decided to undertake to express and set forth in a form of art, *i. e.*, architectural sculpture, nothing less than that correlation of the arts and sciences of the various civilizations of the world, ancient and modern, the exposition of which is the purpose of the Institute. It will be seen that something much like Pantology was called for. That the contemporary art was adjudged capable of meeting this very heavy draft upon it may be considered as evidence of considerable confidence in the flowering and development of our own civilization. With the co-operation of the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, a very intelligent method of obtaining the best results was adopted. In the beginning, the selection and apportionment of the individual sculptures to represent the ideals of the great peoples in the world's history were made by enlisting the services of the leading scholars in the United States and Europe in their respective fields of knowledge. These having been determined, the city of New York, through the Hon. Michael J. Kennedy, Park Commissioner for the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, entered into a contract, with the advice of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, and with the approval of the Board of Trustees of the Institute, with Mr. Daniel C. French, sculptor, to furnish the first installment of thirty monolithic sculptures and a sculptural group to be placed upon the pediment over the northern portico, on that portion of the building now erected, at a total cost of $122,000; Mr. French to have associated with him such sculptors as might be approved by the Museum architects, the Institute Trustees, and the Commissioner of Parks.

For the completed building no less than eighty monolithic statues will be required, and a sculptural group for the pediment over the southern portico facing Institute Park, as well as the northern portico facing the Eastern Parkway. The funds for this monumental decoration are provided by the city. Each of the statues is approximately twelve feet in height, and is cut in Indiana limestone of the same character as that used in the construction of the building. "The work of providing these sculptures for the Museum," says the Institute in one of its weekly bulletins, "constitutes the largest and most important single contribution to decorative sculpture in this country, and there is no building so far designed in America which requires so comprehensive and magnificent a scheme of sculpture as that now under way for the Institute Museum building." In all previous attempts to complete a public building by monumental sculpture—and there have been some very ambitious—even when the sculptors and their subjects have been selected by the architect, there has been no central, directing head with undisputed judgment and authority, and it has consequently been found impossible to reduce the whole to a consistent and harmonious architectonic *ensemble*. In this case a definite schedule was drawn up by Mr. French, and the various sculptors selected by him were required to conform to it; moreover, to secure the general harmony and general architectural character of the figures, an exhibition of the quarter-size models was arranged, placed around the walls of the large Vanderbilt gallery in the Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh Street, at the same height, and duly passed in review by the directing sculptor and the architects. This was in November, 1907, the contract having been signed in the preceding April.

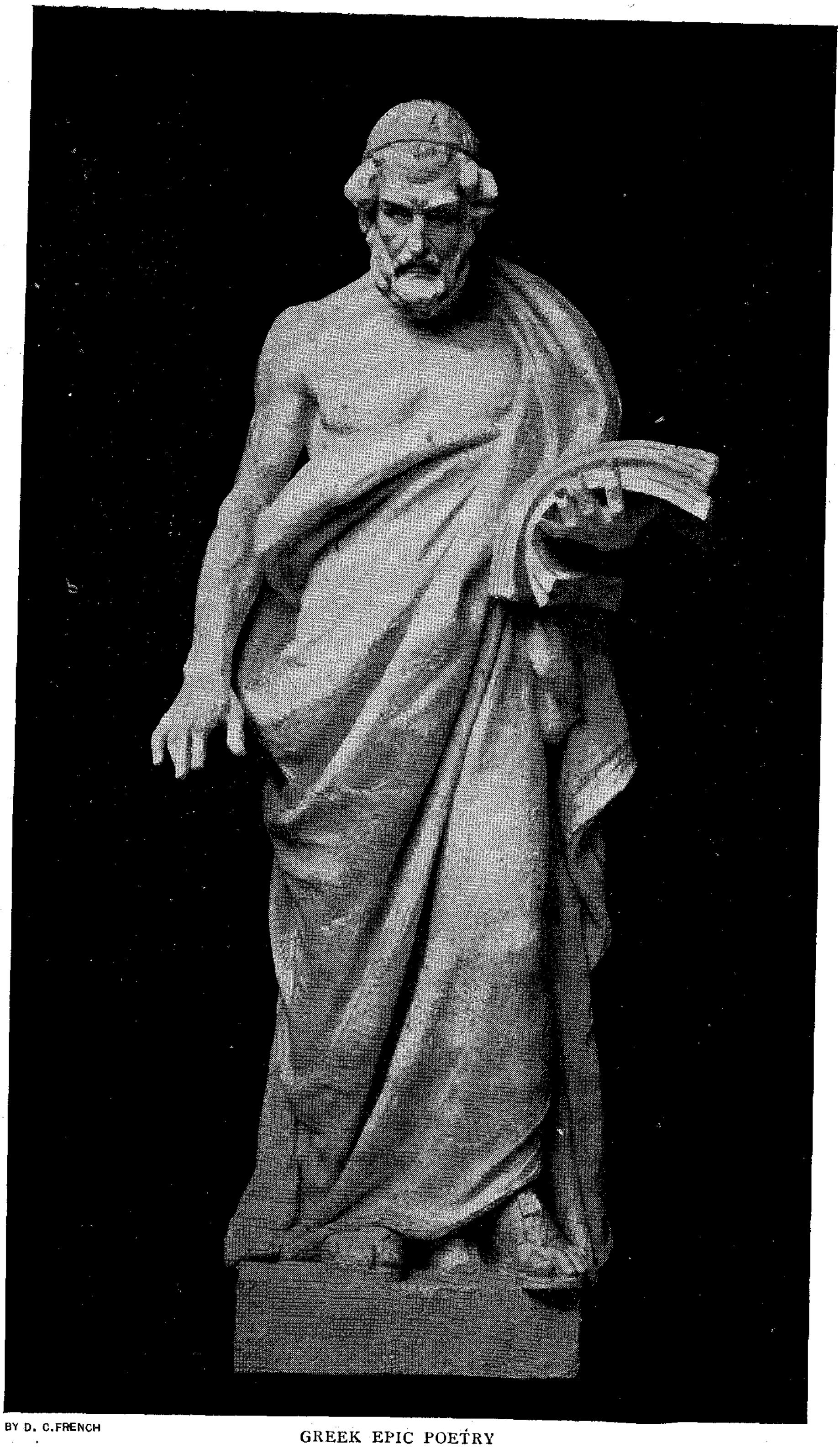
When thus arranged, it was not difficult to pick out those figures, more adventurous or less capable, which threatened to make breaks in the general scheme—either through jealousy of their neighbors or through lack of consideration—those with too much action, too salient, with too abundant draperies, not sufficiently architectural in conception and execution. The heads were required to be about the same size, and to rise to about the same height on the plinth behind; too free action in the limbs was discouraged, as tending to make holes in the silhouette through which the light would pass. But as these artists had been selected with much care, and as there prevailed among them only a healthy emulation, even at this first inspection the general monumental character and dignity were noticeable. A number of half-size figures, since completed, and in some cases modified, have been seen later in exhibitions of the Academy and of the Architectural League; and Mr. French and his associates hope to have the full-size figures placed on the completed section of the building in the early summer of this year.

In determining the nature of the statues, their location along the cornice of the four façades with the wall of the attic behind them, and the selection and location of the names of representatives of the great periods of the world's history to be carved along the cornice below the row of statues, the original plan of the building was taken as a guide. This presented an edifice about five hundred and sixty feet square, with four stories and basement; the Great Hall of Sculpture extending through the central axis from the northern portico to the southern, and the great Exhibition Hall and the Auditorium occupying the east and west axis of the building, extending from Washington Avenue to the Prospect Heights Reservoir lands. The four equal quadrants of the structure



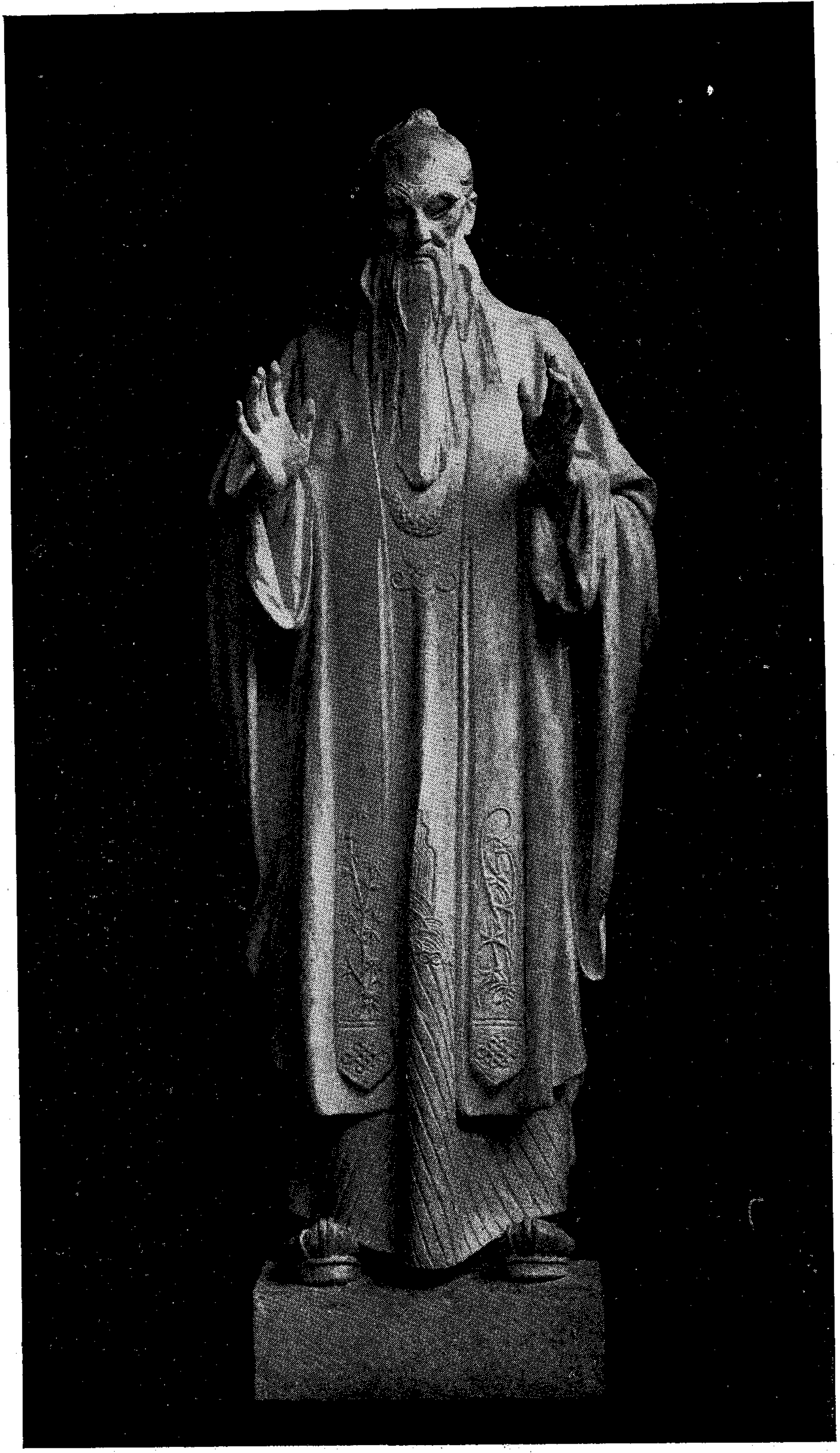
BY AUGUSTUS LUKEMAN

THE APOSTLE



BY D. C. FRENCH

GREEK EPIC POETRY



BY KARL BITTER

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY

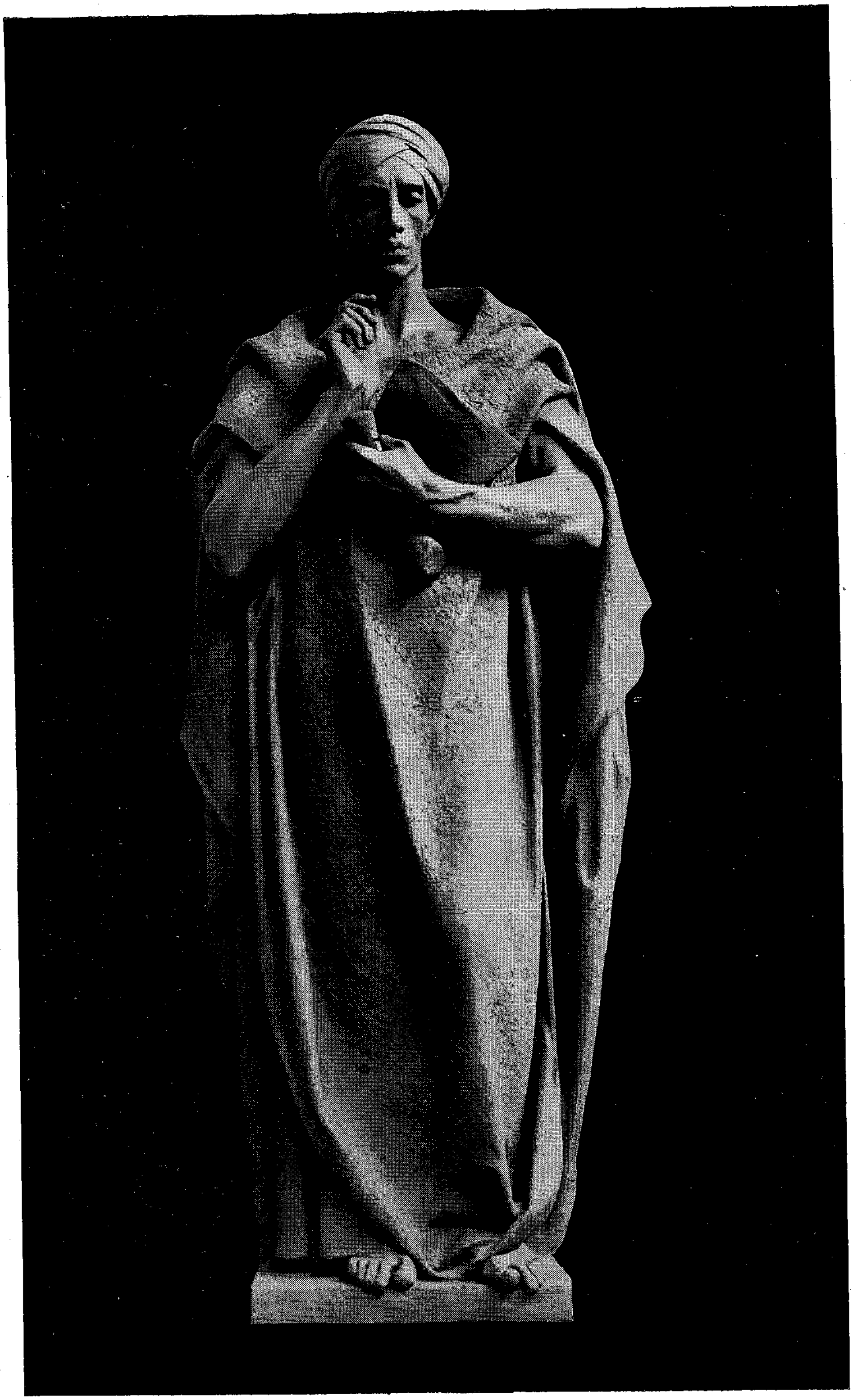
thus formed are devoted to different epochs: the galleries on the first or main floor of the northeast quadrant to the great Empires of the East, to the civilization of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Indians, Chinese, the Hebrews, and other peoples east of the Bosphorus; those of the northwest quadrant to the Greek and Roman civilization; those in the southwest quadrant to the architecture, art, and institutions of the Mediæval and Renaissance periods of European history; and those of the southeastern quadrant to the art of modern Europe and America. Over the center pavilion of each of the four façades rises a dome, and a large central dome will be erected over the intersection of the two great axes of the completed building.

In conformity with this general plan, the statues to be placed on the two façades of the northeast quadrant will represent Oriental ideals; those on the two façades of the northwest quadrant, Greek and Roman; of the southwestern, Mediæval and Renaissance; and of the southeastern, modern European and American. Each quadrant will have twenty statues; and the apportionment of these statues, each with its particular mission, furnished, as may be supposed, an interesting problem to the scholars. For the empires and peoples of the East the distribution was as follows: Egypt, two; Assyria and Babylonia, two; Persia, two; India, four; China, four; Japan, one; Old and New Testament, four; and the Mohammedans, one. On the Greek and Roman quadrant the twenty sculptures were equally divided; and of the thirty now approaching completion, fifteen are Eastern and fifteen Classic. The general principle decided upon in giving each sculptor his theme was, to avoid portraits and the presentation of individuals—rather to select a general type or personification, though this was sometimes departed from, as in the case of Confucius, and also of some of the individual deities. It is apparent that real breadth of comprehension, a very considerable degree of intellectual culture, was required on the part of the sculptors to enable them to represent approximately in the concrete these various developments of the great stages of human progress.

From the survey of this vast field of "ideals" a table was drawn up to aid in the concentration upon particular expressions, the definite themes to give the artists; and this table may be found interesting. In the first column are designated the contributions of various races and peoples to the history of the enlightenment of the world; in the second are given the names of men illustrious in these contributions; and in the third, the subject for the statue which should best express them. The following are the fifteen Oriental subjects:

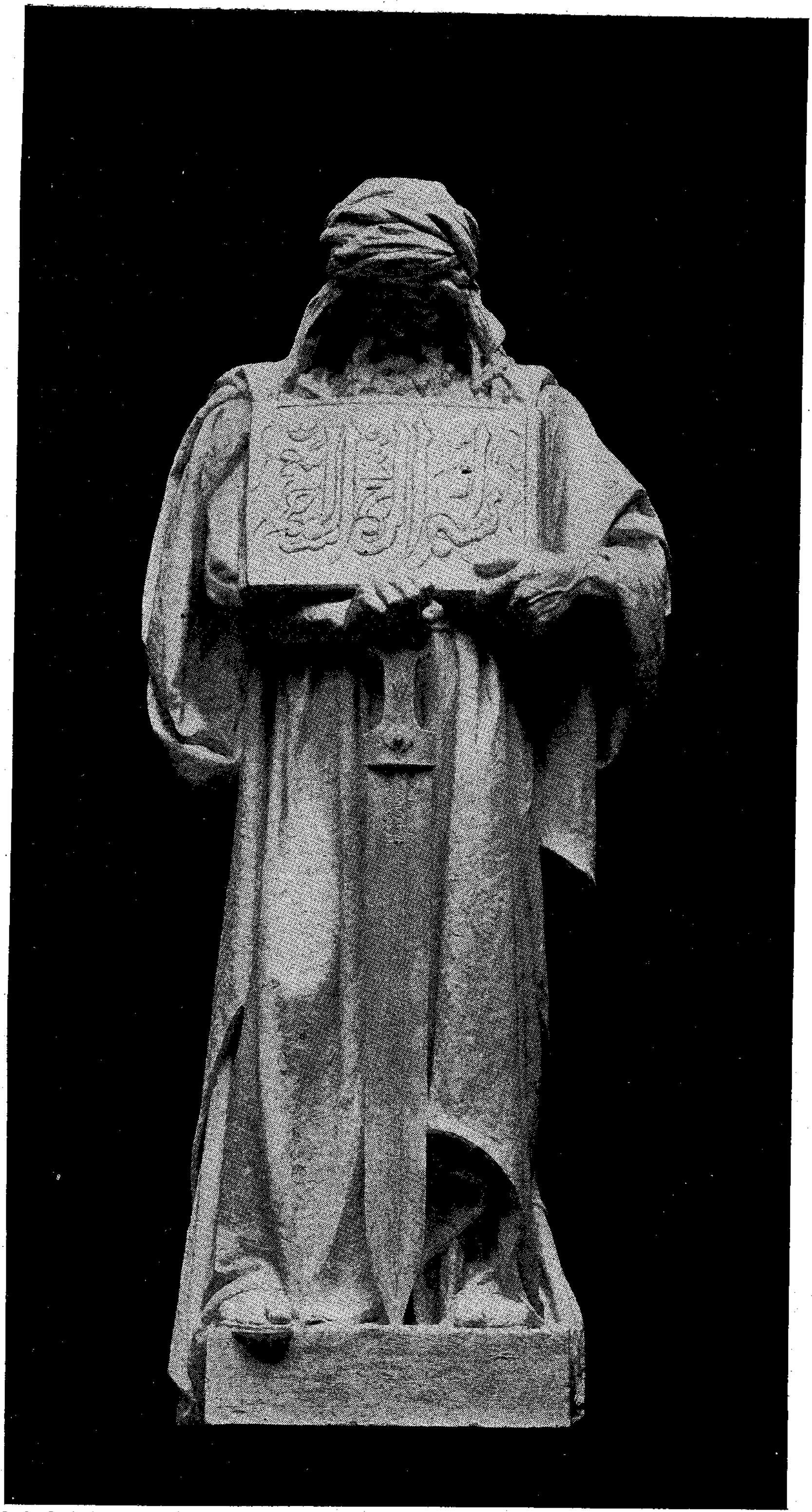
Persian Religion and Philosophy.	Zoroaster.	The Persian Philosopher
The Indian Lawgivers; the founders of Law in the East.	Manu, Gautama, Ashoka.	The Indian Lawgiver.
Indian Literature. The Vedas; the Upanishads; the Mahabharata; Indian Poetry; Indian Drama; the Sakuntala.	Kalidasa, the Shakespeare of the East.	Indian Literature.
Indian Philosophy. The Foundation of Indian Learning and Indian Literature.	Shankara, Kapila.	Indian Philosophy.
Indian Religion.	Buddha.	Indian Religion.
Chinese Philosophy.	Confucius.	Chinese Philosophy.
The Religion of China.	Lao-tze.	The Religion of China.
Art in China.	Represented by many Arts and Artists.	Chinese Art.
Chinese Law.	Represented by many Lawgivers and Legislators.	Chinese Law.
Japanese Art.		Japanese Art.
Hebrew Laws. The beginnings of Democracy.	Moses.	The Hebrew Lawgiver.
The Psalms of the Old Testament.	David.	The Hebrew Psalmist.
The Prophetic Books of the Old Testament.	Isaiah the Prophet.	The Hebrew Prophet.
The Founding of Christianity; the Apostles.	St. Paul.	The Apostle (of Christ).
The Mohammedan Civilization.	Mohammed.	The Founder of Mohammedanism.

In the grouping of these statues the corner pavilion of the northeast quadrant will have on its eastern façade the four Indian subjects, and on its northern the four Chinese. The four Hebrew sculptures will occupy the center of the north façade of the eastern wing of the building. For the northwest quadrant, of the twenty classical figures, five of the Roman are not included in the thirty completed works, and



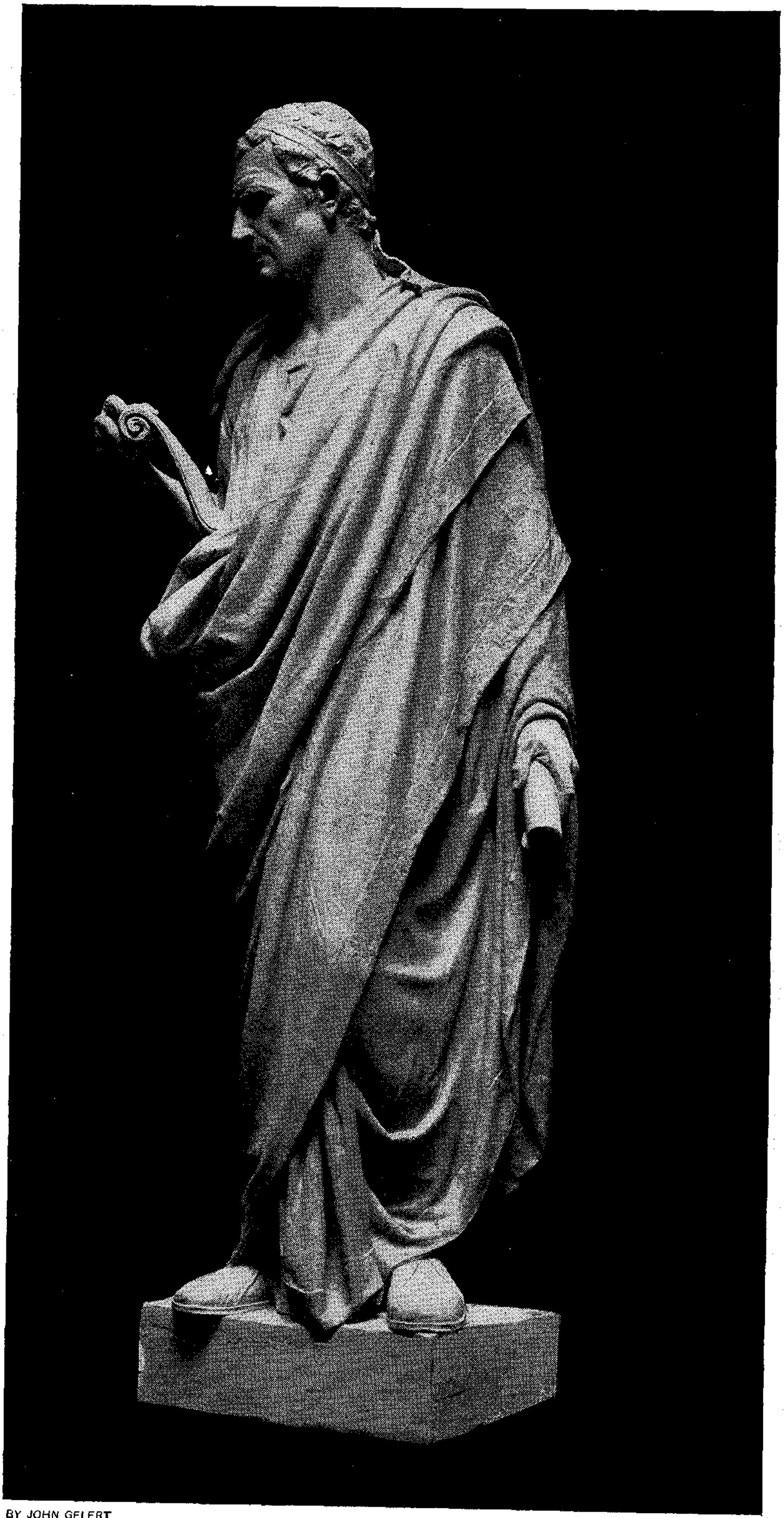
BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI

INDIAN LAWGIVER



BY CHARLES KECK

THE GENIUS OF ISLAM



BY JOHN GELERT

ROMAN STATESMAN

will be placed upon a section of the building yet to be erected. Following is the table for the Greek and Roman subjects:

The Greek Epic. (The Iliad and Odyssey).	Homer.	Greek Epic Poetry.
Greek Lyric Poetry.	Pindar, Sappho.	Greek Lyric Poetry.
The Greek Drama.	Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides.	Greek Dramatic Art.
The Greek State.	Solon, Lycurgus, Pericles, Aristides.	The Greek Lawgiver, or Statesman.
Greek Science.	Euclid, Archimedes, Ptolemy.	The Greek Man of Science.
Greek Religion.	Zeus, Minerva, Apollo, Aphrodite.	Greek Religion.
Greek Philosophy.	Plato, Aristotle, Socrates.	The Greek Philosopher.
Greek Architecture.	Phidias, Nicias.	The Greek Architect.
Greek Sculpture.	Scopas, Praxiteles.	The Greek Sculptor.
Greek Letters and Oratory.	Gorgias, Lysias, Demosthenes	The Greek Orator.
Roman Law.	Justinian.	The Roman Lawgiver.
Roman Statesmanship.	Julius Cæsar.	The Roman Statesman.
The Roman Ruler and Patron of the Arts.	Augustus, Constantine.	The Roman Emperor.
The Roman Orator and Man of Letters	Cicero.	The Roman Orator.
The Roman Epic.	Virgil.	The Roman Epic Poet.

(In considering this learned classification, it might possibly be objected that Minerva was not a Greek divinity.)

With regard to an omission which will be noticed by most readers, the Institute authorities make the following statement:

"The plan for the sculptures on the façades of the building and for the carving of the names on the pediments beneath its main cornice does not include the figure of Jesus of Nazareth, nor his name. It might possibly have been expected by some that his name should be carved on that part of the pediment reserved for the Hebrew people of the Old Testament and the New Testament times, alongside the names of Moses the Lawgiver, David the Psalmist, Isaiah the Prophet, and St. Paul the Apostle. The names of other great religious teachers, Confucius, Lao-tze, Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, and Mohammed, are carved upon other parts of the pediment. The central and lofty dome of the Museum, crowning the entire structure, has been reserved as the fitting place within which to represent the work of the Great Teacher, in whose wisdom and love all other truth and all other love are dissolved. In what way in this mighty dome the work of the Master may be represented remains for the inspired genius and reverence of the artists of the future to determine."

For the allotment of these great commissions among the younger contemporary sculptors Mr. French probably consulted his intimate knowledge of the men and their works and thereby arrived at conclusions regarding their possibilities. It may be noted that only one statue was given to a lady, the "Japanese Art," to Miss Janet Scudder; and also that one, "Greek Science," was confided to a painter, Mr. Kenyon Cox, who thus made his opening in a sister art. For himself Mr. French reserved the "Greek Epic," which he does not call Homer, "Greek Lyric Poetry," and "Greek Religion;" to Mr. Herbert Adams, President of the National Sculpture Society, he gave "Greek Philosophy," "Architecture," "Sculpture," and "Letters;" and the other two Grecian themes, the "Drama" and the "Greek Statesman," to Mr. George T. Brewster. The first five Roman figures fell to the lot of Mr. John Gelert and Mr. Charles A. Heber, the latter getting the "Roman Epic," which he has conceived as a graceful female figure—"the Æneid of Virgil being the most beautiful of all the great epics, as the Iliad is the most heroic." About a third of these completed statues are feminine, though there was some discussion as to the propriety of making them all male, a rendering to which, we believe, the Director of the Institute, Professor Franklin W. Hooper, was somewhat inclined.

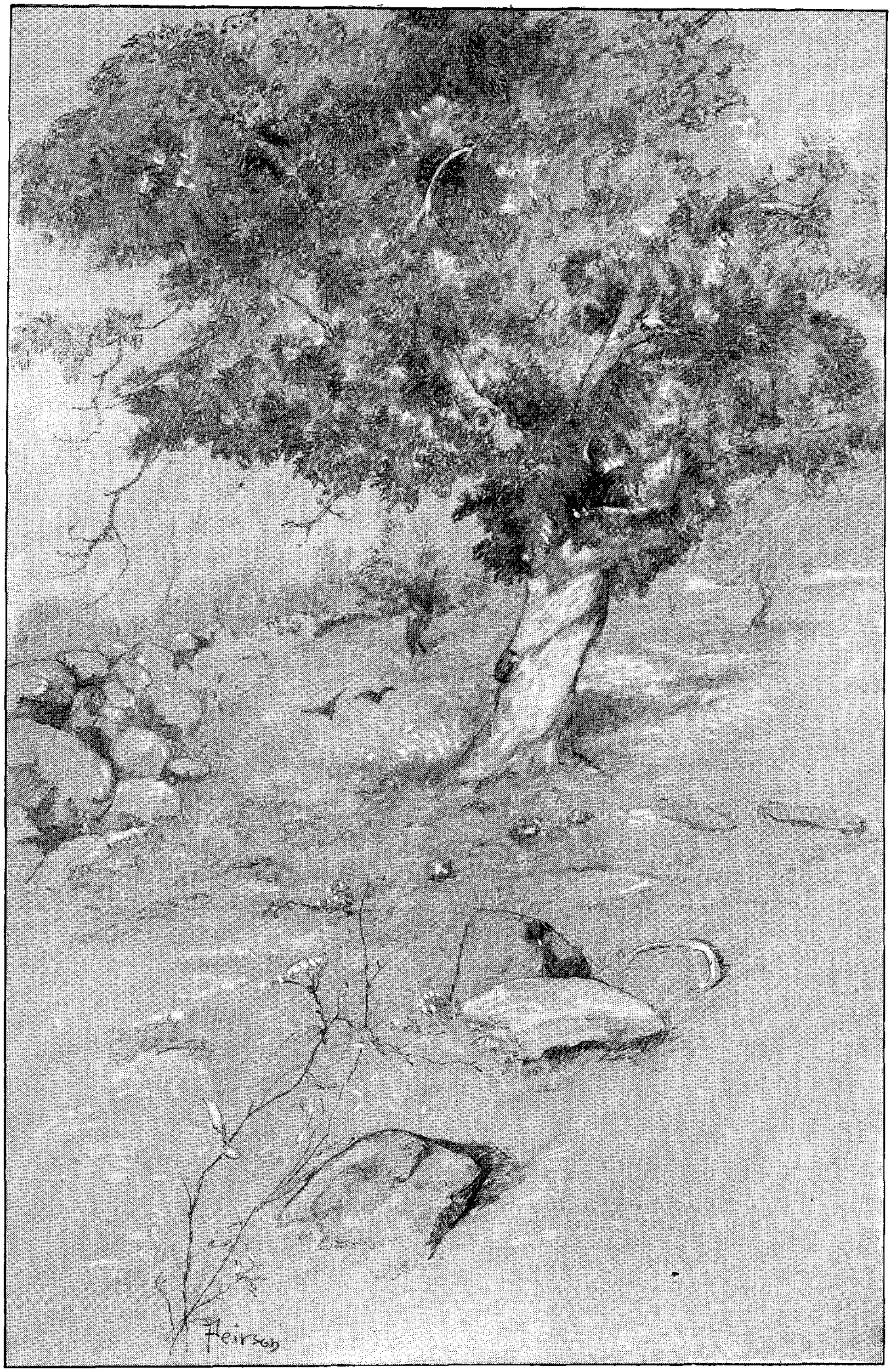
The Oriental figures, apart from the Hebrew, probably presented more difficulties in the way of bringing them into the general, Occidental, architectonic scheme, as it was thought necessary to preserve with some accuracy the ethnological characteristics, even to the details of costume. To Mr. Karl Bitter were confided the four Chinese subjects; to Mr. Edward C. Potter, "Indian Philosophy" and "Religion;" to Mr. Attilio Piccirilli, "Indian Literature" and the "Lawgiver;" and to Mr. Edmund T.

Quinn, the "Persian Religion." Miss Scudder, finding that her Japanese figure was the sole representative of the Island Empire, and bethinking herself of the long ages, the many schools, the innumerable aspects of its art, selected for personification the Sun Goddess, "the Heaven-illuminating Goddess," the first child of the first pair in Japanese mythology. She shone so beautifully and so lighted the heavens and the earth that her father transferred her from earth to heaven, and gave her the ethical realm to reign over.

Mr. Bitter, in his Chinese researches, found in the art of that ancient empire very few of the conventional types and personifications by which we are wont to recognize An Astronomer, A Statesman, A Philosopher, and other familiar symbols. There are not even conventional and recognizable garments and robes for these personifications. The beard of Confucius is one of the few exceptions; and for "Chinese Art," which Mr. Bitter presents as a young woman in a richly embroidered costume, after a historic design, her hexagonal mirror is symbolic of the quality of art as but a reflection of nature and of life. Also, her flower represents the beauty of nature; and the vase which she carries, the importance given plastic art in the Empire from the earliest times. The high position assigned India in this sculptured pantologia is justified by the Museum's scholars as representative of the civilization of that great branch of the Indo-European stock—"a source of the greatest literature created east of the Euphrates, the source of a large part of the philosophy, the science, the medicine, the law, and the general learning of ancient Greece, and through ancient Greece of ancient Rome, mediæval and modern Europe. . . . There is no system or phase of Greek philosophy that was not anticipated by the ancient Aryan race in India; there is no phase of modern German philosophy, with all its ramifications and intricacies, that was not anticipated three thousand years ago in India. The Vedas, the Mahabharata, and the Upanishads belong to the great literature of the world, containing within them the foundations of the religion, the philosophy, and the ethics of the Indian people. Shankara and Kapila are the Aristotle and the Plato of Indian philosophy, Kalidasa is the Shakespeare of Indian literature, Manu is the Oriental Moses, and Buddha is the great religious teacher of southern and eastern Asia."

Finally, the four Hebrew subjects were allotted to Mr. Augustus Lukeman, and one of the most difficult, the "Genius of Islam," bearing the Koran and the sword, to Mr. Charles Keck. Mr. Bitter's four Chinese figures are claimed to be the first works of American art in stone undertaking to represent in a serious and commanding manner four Oriental ideals. The ten Roman figures are to be placed on the western façade of the building, the ten Greek on the eastern end of the first or original section of the Museum building, and the first position, nearest to the central pavilion and to the main entrance, is given to "Epic Poetry," for the reason that the earliest of the great characters in Greek history is the author of the two great Greek epic poems which have been handed down to us from the dawn of that history.

For the execution of the great pedimental group over the north portico Mr. French associated with himself Mr. A. A. Weinman, but the design for this sculpture has not yet been definitely determined. The first sketches made introduced an innovation by placing two figures in the center of the triangle of the pediment instead of the conventional single figure. This was in consideration of the dual character of the Institute. Of these two, under the apex of the gable, the male represented Science, and the female Art. Between them was a shield to bear the insignia of the Institute. To the right of Art was to appear a graceful group personifying Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and to the left of Science a strong group typifying the three leading sciences, Astronomy, Geology, and Biology. In the apex of the pediment on one side was an Oriental symbol of art, the peacock; and on the other the Egyptian expression of wisdom, the Sphinx.



THE ORCHARD

To the Birds of Appletown

By Myra A. Lamprey

APPLETOWN, Snaptown, Pottertown! Out leaned the forked guide-post at the crossroads, with its dim, worn signs, and, of three minds, I drew a bewildered rein. Straight ahead the faded arrow pointed to Pottertown and the thrifty farms of Eliphalet Potter and his forehanded, married-and-settled kin. The easy miles led over drowsy hillocks and hemlocked hollows, and I knew a secret side turn to the cool shores of Turtle Pond, skirting by star-studded lily-pads and the mooring cove of an old scow. And perhaps—

Sulking to his very ear-tips, Charles de Paw kicked a restless hoof and sidled to the left with a vindictive snort. Beyond Snaptown, toward which he brazenly tugged, prompted by some willful notion of his own, sprang breakneck hills and breeze-swept stretches of open, lilting with birds, the haunt of scampering Molly cottontails. Near a bend of the swirling Merrimac lodged a jolly great woodchuck whom I had not sent rolling over the plowed field for more than a fortnight; already I could see him, hunched by his dusky burrow, his lean patriarch face oathing defiance. And on the pitch of Snaptown's sharpest hill dangled a persuasive old well-sweep. "Yes," I reasoned thirstily, "it is just the day to tilt that wooden bucket racketing down the green rocks!"

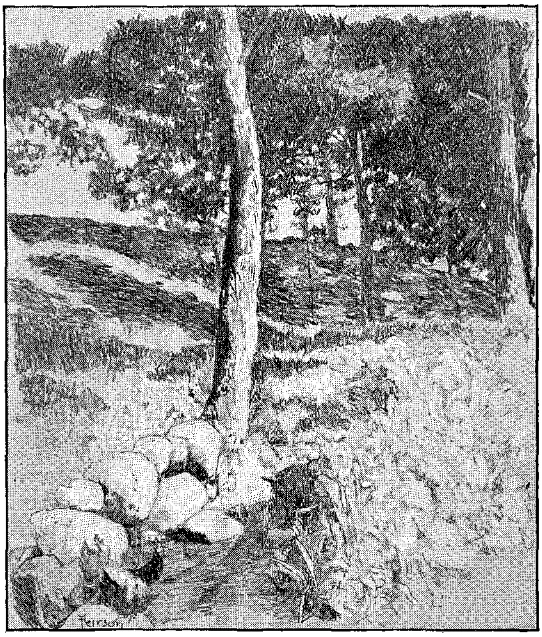
But Appletown? "The mo appelen a tree bereth the more sche boweth to the folk," and by now the warp-shouldered boughs must be weighted to the ground. That settled it. I jerked the right rein.

A sad spendthrift, Appletown, living off the hardy, sweat-tilled soil of years back, its shabby, improvident farms straying at dreary distances. But the rugged pasture lands, in their wild freedom, browsed upon by the brave, bright laurel, would speak home to a rover's heart, and the much-abandoned farm land still prided in its name, for the sturdy fruit trees put to shame their shiftless owners.

I urged my surly nag at a steady jog for a short mile to the nearest landmark, a weather-stormed, blackened-gray mill, huddling powerless in its great bed of water-planed stones, a few lost threads of silver trickling over the broken dam.

Charles de Paw humped gingerly down the gullied hill, punctuating his descent with puffy grunts—it was his way to discuss the ground over which I set his hoofs! But once on level going again, he padded nimbly along the bit of sawdust curve by the mill and up the wide lane opening to the sandy, scrub-pined plains.

Jumping from the saddle to swing back the heavy-barred gate, I looked for the omens of good fortune, a clover-of-four and the fire-flash of a tanager, for here the luck-leaf and the red bird seldom failed me. And, yes, even as I reached to pluck the clover, that well-known twang, clear, sharp-cut, sounded from the



"HOME TO A ROVER'S HEART"

dark woods beyond. I looped the bridle rein over the stout gate-post, for this pet spot of mine hid many a lodestone, and while the music could have none of the madness of spring days, the same little bird-friends were nested here.

Following the uneven pebbly path up the fern-edged brook, I waited by a gossiping group of pines, that slowly and peacefully through the seasons were drifting their glinting needles over the pillowy bank.

And "chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee dee—"

Clinging like bats to the soughing branches, the pearly chickadees lisped their incessant chatter as they merrily pecked the seeds.

"Love me, love me!" I mimicked in a half-echo.

A black-hooded little fellow in front hopped a bough nearer, and "Phœbe, Phœbe," came his pleading call, stealing my heart quite away.

The sly "mew" of a catbird interrupted him. Then an instant later a long, white-mottled tail bobbed perkily in the path ahead—I knew its owner, and soon he shouted his name.

"Chewink, chewink," he whistled lustily, and

"Towhee"—rose in brisk answer from the bushes, with a flourish of dry leaves.

"Chewink"—

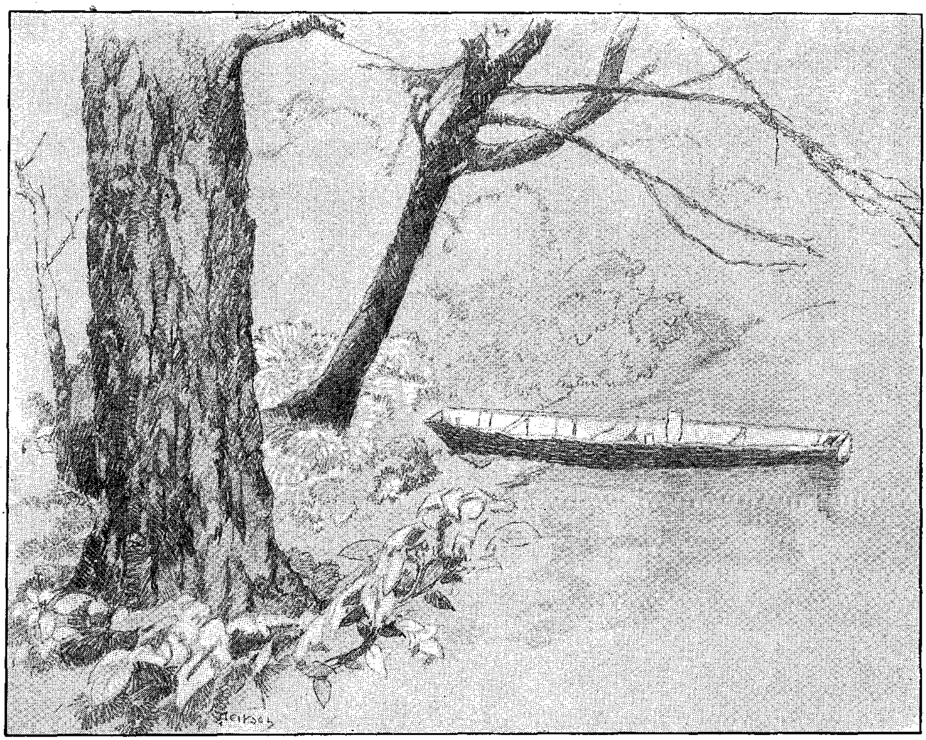
"Towhee"—

"Chewink"—

"Towhee"—their talk ran—till the little brown lady bustled out, and I lingered to watch the two; working or courting, they never stay long apart. Black, gayly dashed with brick, great thumb-prints of white over his long black tail, Towhee, the husband, has a splendid beauty about him. And Lady Towhee, his wife, with her tawny back and her frost-dotted tail, is bonnier even than he.

Despite her first vigorous scuffling among the leaves, she now fluttered softly to her mate as he called from a maple branch:

"Chuck-burr, pill-a-will-a-will-a," and that must be the wooingest of "Towhee-se," so coyly she nestled up to him.



"THE MOORING COVE OF AN OLD SCOW"

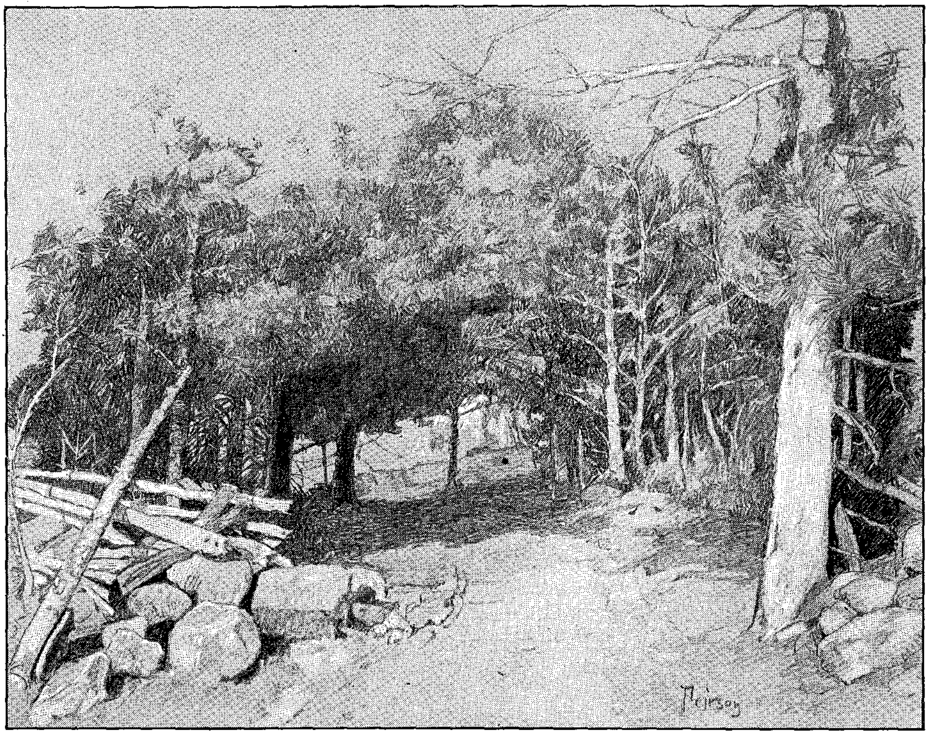
And then just the murmur—
"Chewink"—
"Towhee"—
"Chewink"—
"Towhee"—

Leaving them so, I picked my way curiously on, looking for adventure but finding none.

"What a pity, what a pity!" piped from behind a ground oak, and out dodged my little interpreter, an olive-bright Maryland yellowthroat, and above his full, plump breast, yellow as the mustard bloom, peered the funny little visage, with its revel-masque of black.

A yard along, a lumpy old toad thumped heavily down on the damp earth of the path.

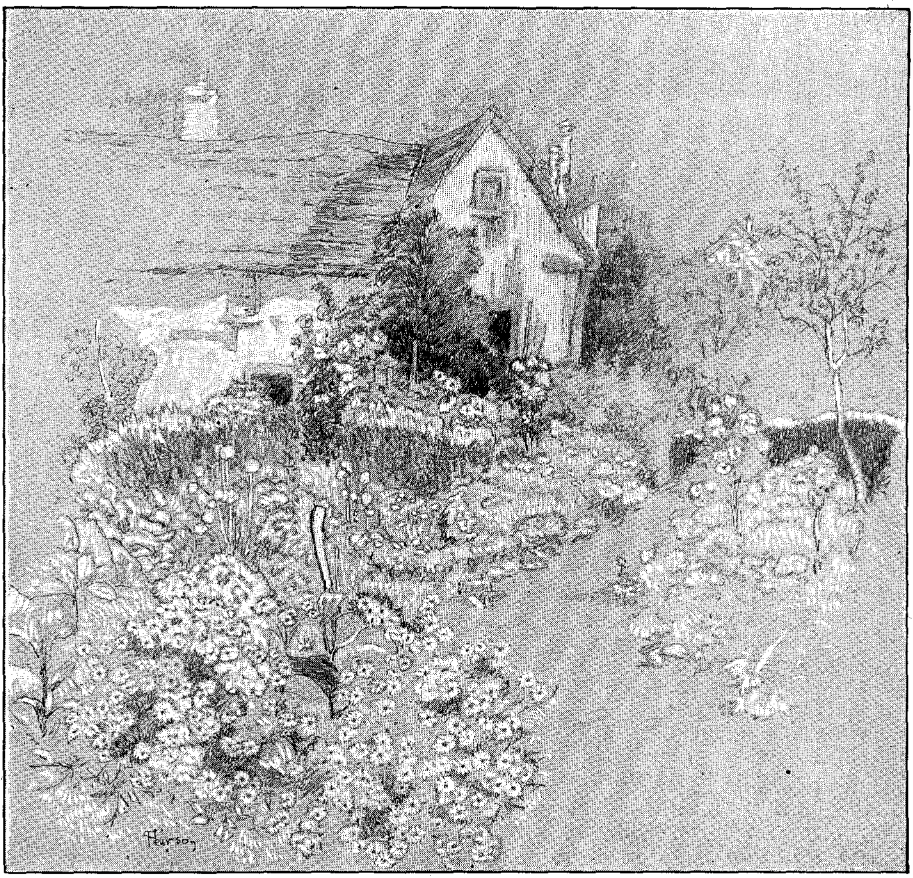
"Blessings on thy warty head!" I quoted thankfully, and, snapping off a dead twig, I tiptoed up to him. Planting its end smartly on his fat right side, I began slowly to tickle him, and, in a trance of toad-rapture, he tipped drunkenly over, his ugly mouth distended in a mammoth smile. I tickled his leathery other side, and to the left he rocked with a blissful quiver. As I dabbed at his forehead with short, scratching strokes, the crumpled folds of his ample chin rolled in double furrows, and over their creasy layers his bulging eyes blinked to a mere slit. Drawing the tickler-stick zigzag down his knobbly back, I poked him on the right, on the left, and, stiffening his clammy haunches, he cradled back and forth in a paroxysm of vertebrate joy. He cost me a deal of laughter, and I mourned sadly the lack of lookers-on.



"A GOSSIPING GROUP OF PINES"

My last sport with toads had been different from this—little toads and in July of an early morning, when I'd checked them off on my fingers, the mites of travelers, hop-skipping it over the dew-laid dust. Hardly larger than beans, their very tininess fascinated me—I counted my digits twice over—and spying for them helped me forget the sultry weather on the unsheltered meadow-road I was tramping. So these twenty-and-one little toads made me smile, even after what had happened an hour before.

For that July day, as I toiled up the birchen glade which gives Silver Hill a



"THAT CHARMFUL OLD FLOWER GARDEN"

name, a wee red salamander wriggled down from the moist bank, only to set his creepers a-twinkle at sight of me; an inquisitive one waited more coolly to look me over, and I climbed unconcernedly on till the eleventh varnished little reptile twisted out. Driven from their home crannies by the unwonted heat of this midsummer morn, they came sliding over the brown clay to slip along at my feet—red shapes in all shades of flame, some of them scarce large enough to have traveling legs—bold, poisonous-faced little monsters, wide-awake, precocious, and all on the tour—on crowded these diminutive alligators of the roadside. Up to seventy-five I added the filing numbers—to a hundred and seventy-five pluck and patience could have brought it! Even to-day its weirdness was still upon me, that hurrying, eerie procession at dawn.

After the teasing of old Tickleback—for so I dubbed him—I hurried down to his tethered horseship, Sir Charles, pawing unsightly holes in the sod. Sir Charles de *Paw*, indeed, with the fuss he made at missing the fun.

Relatching the creaking gate, I caught again the lightning of a wing, not red now but indigo, and a "bunting" poised for a moment on a bare bough to whet his strong white bill. If only once I could see him close to his rival, the purple finch, and exult in their iridescent play of contrasting color—that vivid blue-green and the wine-dipped purple, side by side, in the glorying blaze of noonday!

Not a feather in sight, nor a chirp in the silence as we went on. Splashing broadcast the powdery dust, Charles de Paw single-footed good-humoredly along, for now I did not stop him every other pace, as was sometimes my whim. The chubby-coned boughs of the scrubs whipped my face rudely at the sudden turns, and through a length of field-land the road dwindled to an almost invisible lane, for fuzzy tufts of the pink-cushioned hare-foot clover lined it on either side, overrunning in places the deep-cut narrow wheel-ruts. As we entered again a thick growth of scrubs, Charles de Paw nearly unseated me as he shied clean out of the road. But even as I clutched to save myself I started, too, for a full covey of partridge drove off with a mighty drumming of wings fairly from under us.

Jaunt after jaunt we'd made for partridges, and found them only far distant—a warning whir, then a vanishing pair of wings—until this summer, and here was a second partridge panic!

As we dawdled on again, dullness ruling the roadside, Charles de Paw, I am sure, harked back with me to the June. On one of those clear rare days, when the great glacier-scar of Old Whiteface shone like snow, we had taken the ten-mile round of Long Pond, and under the shadow of Snake Mountain were on the last half of the eighth mile.

And then, just as now, a terrific b-b-b-r-r-r exploded under our feet, and a speckled horror, with bristling crown and fan-spread tail, strutted raging from a pile of pine boughs heaped by the road.

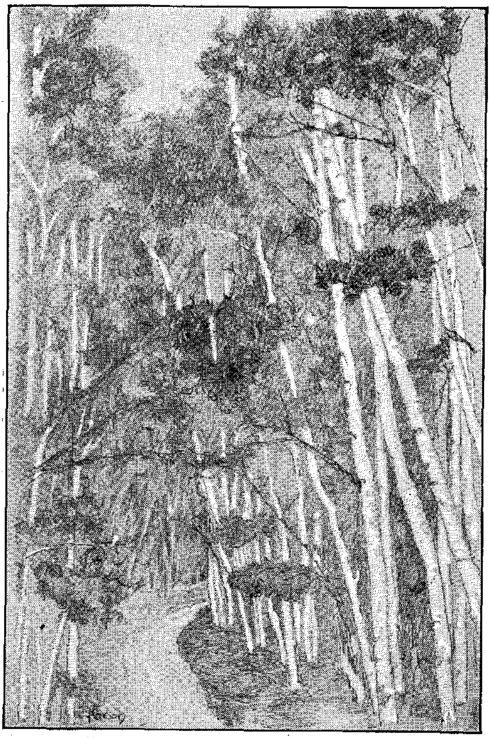
This elaborate hen—unmistakably Madame Partridge—wore danger in her eye; a more beruffled ruffed grouse could never be! And fast behind her scuttled a baby chick, so wholly unexpected that I was out of the saddle at a jump—and then how Mother Partridge threw about me her web of puzzling wiles!

Sprawling over the near-by fence with shrill outcries, she flopped toward the dense woods ahead, dragging a limp leg. But for her I would not forget that one fluffy follower, and I hunted the underbrush faithfully.

Hugging a smooth black stone and half-shaded by a pea-green leaf, at last I found the little fellow—there was not more than two inches of him—a downy yellow ball from under which peeped a tiny claw; a faint line of soft brown penciled from ear to bill, a heavier streak of the same velvety richness running from bill to eye. Still as a mouse, he squatted patiently in hiding, his slender beak stuck straight in the air, his eyes, bright as beads, fixed at me unwinkingly. I longed to cuddle him in my hand and tell him to ease his tripping heart-beats, but the furious mother beyond the wall, tired of playing the cripple, came trailing crazedly back, clucking and swelling, and, in the face of the black anger surging in that parent breast, I suddenly caught the fright of the fear-struck chick. Yes, Charles de Paw and I had met the sensational in "whirs."

Appletown's other landmark was near at hand now, and the hill that led up to it was far too steep to allow such nerve-stirring reveries. But once up and around a quick turn, there'd be a welcome drink from a red pump and perhaps a chat with little old Silas Eldridge, all but the last of Appletown's lingering farmers.

Tucked in under a pasture hill and facing over the lower fields of Appletown lay his broad-eaved, dingy red house, its window blinds gloomily shut, its doors iron-barred. The sheds and barns had a sleepy look, and the only living creature on the place was slow-moving Jess, a



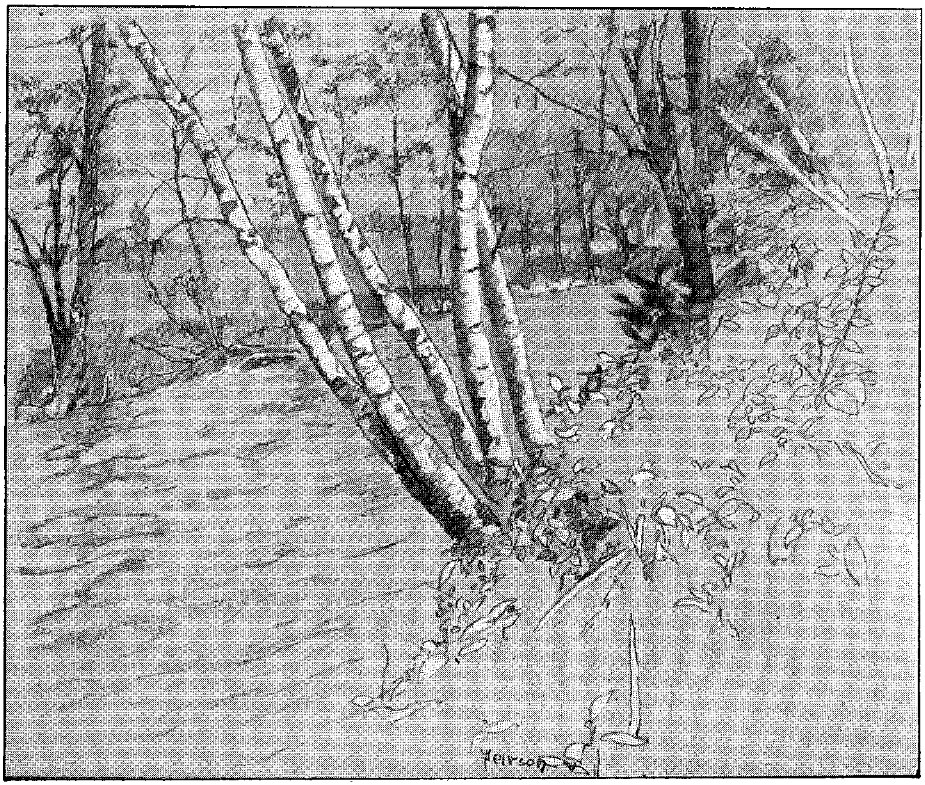
"THE BIRCHEN GLADE WHICH GIVES SILVER HILL A NAME" sleek, round-sided little mare with one white foot and a white-starred forehead.

For years Old Silas had lived here by himself, companioned only by the neighborly smoke of remote chimneys through the long winter months. A spring ago Charles de Paw had made this old man my friend, when he had half cast a shoe at the top of the hill. He was hobbling fretfully, till, seeing the outline of a masculine back in the hill field, I made a courageous call for help. And Old Silas had chuckled as, minus a shoe, but a safe trotter again, my big horse had thanked him with a playful nip at his sleeve; I stroked the fat sides of black Jess, she and Charles de Paw sniffed acquainting noses, and we were all friends.

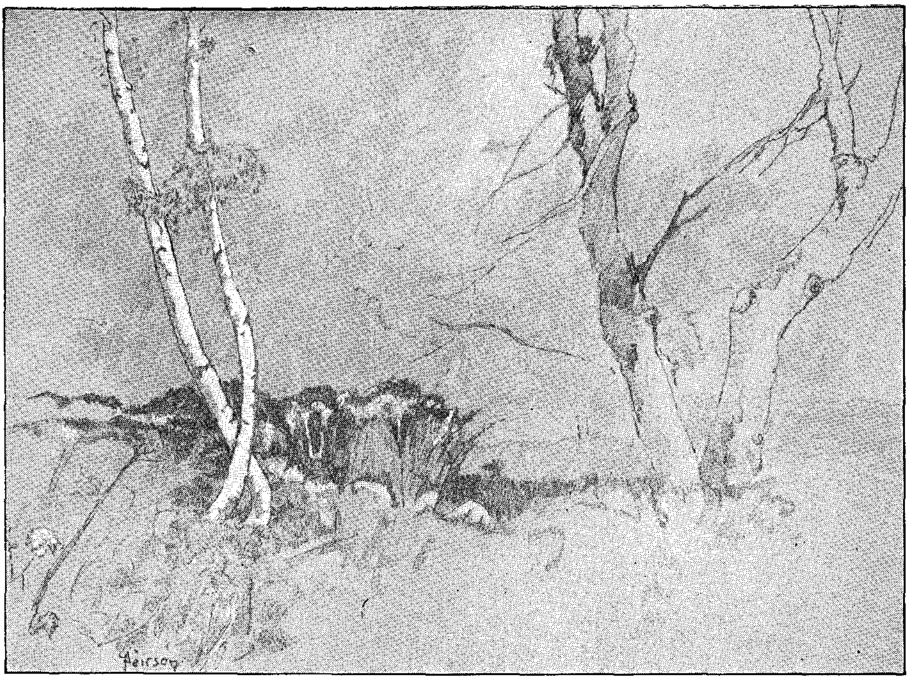
He was a bearded and withered little man, Silas Eldridge, brown as the oak leaves of the winter hills, save for his rosy cheeks, which made him seem, in his golden-brownness, like a red-ripened fall russet turned human to be the keeper of old Appletown. "Near" and "terribul sot," he had his oddities, but the kindliest of hearts, pitying as a woman's. Hardly a soul had set foot in his house—the countryside gossips babbled—since his old father and mother had died, years ago, both laid in the Eldridge family lot the very same week, as befitted these aged sweethearts. His father's scythe was fast nailed to the shed wall, just as he'd hung it the day before that fatal sunstroke; and behind the pantry door his mother's kitchen apron gathered dust on its accustomed hook, untouched for love's sake through all the years.

This noon Sir Charles had no clanking shoe, but for a pretext there was always the old pump, and as we left the bit of pine road and turned the corner I looked for Jess's ebon nose lifted over the yard bars—if she were there her master would surely be somewhere about. She was not at the gate nor on the height of the wheat-sown slope back of the house; but out in the garden moved the stooping, blue-shirted back.

That charmful old flower garden, out of fashion to-day with so many other



"NEAR A BEND OF THE SWIRLING MERRIMAC"



"THE SLIM, SCROLL-LIKE TRUNK OF A TWIN WHITE BIRCH"

dearly beautiful things—I knew what the dew and the morning had unfolded there, week after week—merry rows of hollyhock bells and scornful scarlet poppies, rollicking beds of gay blue bachelor's-buttons, and silvery-stemmed blossoms of garden pink, clove-spiced. And roses, roses, all the June, sweet-leaved Scotch yellow ones and the blush-tinted pink, grandmother's creamy white ones and the monstrous-armed rambler's crimsoned sprays. Of these there was now only a solitary General Washington, perennial beauty, as a remembrance.

His horseship stopped of his own accord by the pump, and, hearing us, Old Silas hastened out, a bit wearily, it seemed, but a pleased light kindled in the blue eye of the quiet old man, and he gave a shy-bobbed nod of "how-d'ye do."

"You know what I'm after, don't you?" I laughed, as he sprily flooded the trough with cold spurting water from the well. "And how've you been all this time, and how's Jess?"

The answer was slow in coming, and his voice husky.

"Jess? She's up thar"—he jerked a thumb toward her own grass plot. "Last June she took sick—jest ailin'. I thought mebbe she'd lie content-like in that place she allers sot sech store by"—he stooped again, meaning, I thought, to hide a twitching mouth. "Its cur'us how I keep lookin' jest the same fur her nose pokin' over the bars! But I braided her foretop fresh and fine, and put new shoes on her, four on 'em, silver foot an' all, 'fore I—"

Abruptly—

"Won't yer hop down and rest a bit? You'll find it real cool up by the big butternut, and I'll give you a posy if you'll name yer choice!"

And at this gentleness must I not tarry?

The broad butternut was loaded down with sticky clusters; it was nearly "picklin' time," and then—for the three good treats of the fall: butternut pickle, apple butter, and the sweet new cider!

Through the grass were strewed last year's weathered shells, but the greedy squirrels in the woods up back had plundered them of their oily kernels. No matter how clever you are, you will spend hours pounding at the nettly barks, only once in a while knocking out a perfect pair of saddle-bags; but how these little rascals nibble right to the meat and never miss it!

I matched the tossing beauties of the showy aster beds, white, pink, purple, red, and picked five or six benign Father Pansies from the long aisles of heart's-ease, before I sat down on the butternut bench, old Silas clipping at the grass with his huge shears.

"Have you any picture of Melissa Pike that married Philander Tukey?" I asked, suddenly remembering. From a child I had heard of Melissa Pike—she lived to be over eighty, and was never known to speak a cross word in her life—so our parents told us.

Silas's grandfather had married a second cousin of this great-aunt of a neighbor of ours—oh, the tangled branches of that genealogical tree! Maybe he'd a portrait of her; at all events the reminiscence would please him, and I loved to win his heartening talk.

"Wall, how did ye ever hear tell o' her?"—his shears closed on empty air as he blew out a noiseless whistle. "She's been dead this forty year, and so's Philander. Come to think on it," with a pondering scratch at his grizzled beard, "'pears ter me I've got a couple o' them old daguerreotypes, small they be, but good likenesses, both on 'em." And he started for the shed door.

"Don't bother to bring them out!" I called quickly. "Let me come in, won't you?" A scared choke gripped my throat at my daring.

"'Tain't no place ter invite yer," he hesitated. "Guess you'll think I ain't much hand at keepin' house," but he didn't refuse, so I crossed the planked alleyway into the homely, low-ceiled rooms, and through to the grim parlor, silent as the slabbed graveyard over the hill, awesome as the family portraits staring from the wall.

He pushed open a shutter, lifting the closed darkness, and the shimmering September sun slanted in on the slippery, rigid-backed haircloth set, garnished with hand-knit tidies of screeching purples and yellows and greens; it threw its caressing glow over the wax flowers on the what-not and the woven strands of an immense hair wreath by the organ, and filled with ominous light the glowering eyes of the austere portraits.

Old Silas loosed the worn clasps of the family album, and I studied its thick board pages to find there stiff boyish sittings of Silas himself and his elder brother Jothan Joseph, and the flower face of their little sister Lucy—she had died at sixteen. And the ancient lovers that from wedding to golden wedding had never been for a day apart—the patient-eyed Quaker mother and the gaunt, shaggy-browed father, stern above his towering square-cornered collar and a flowing tie. As I unhooked the rubbed case of a satin-framed daguerreotype, the placid, lace-capped face of Melissa Pike looked back at me, her deft hands folded in a capacious lap. And opposite her Philander, a plain man, "sad-complected," capable, so I fancied, of being at least "tryin'!" A sorry spouse for that angel-tempered wife.

"Play me a tune, won't yer?" Silas raised the cover of the sober-paneled organ with a tender hand. "There's only them old singin'-books, but I guess yer know a piece without 'em."

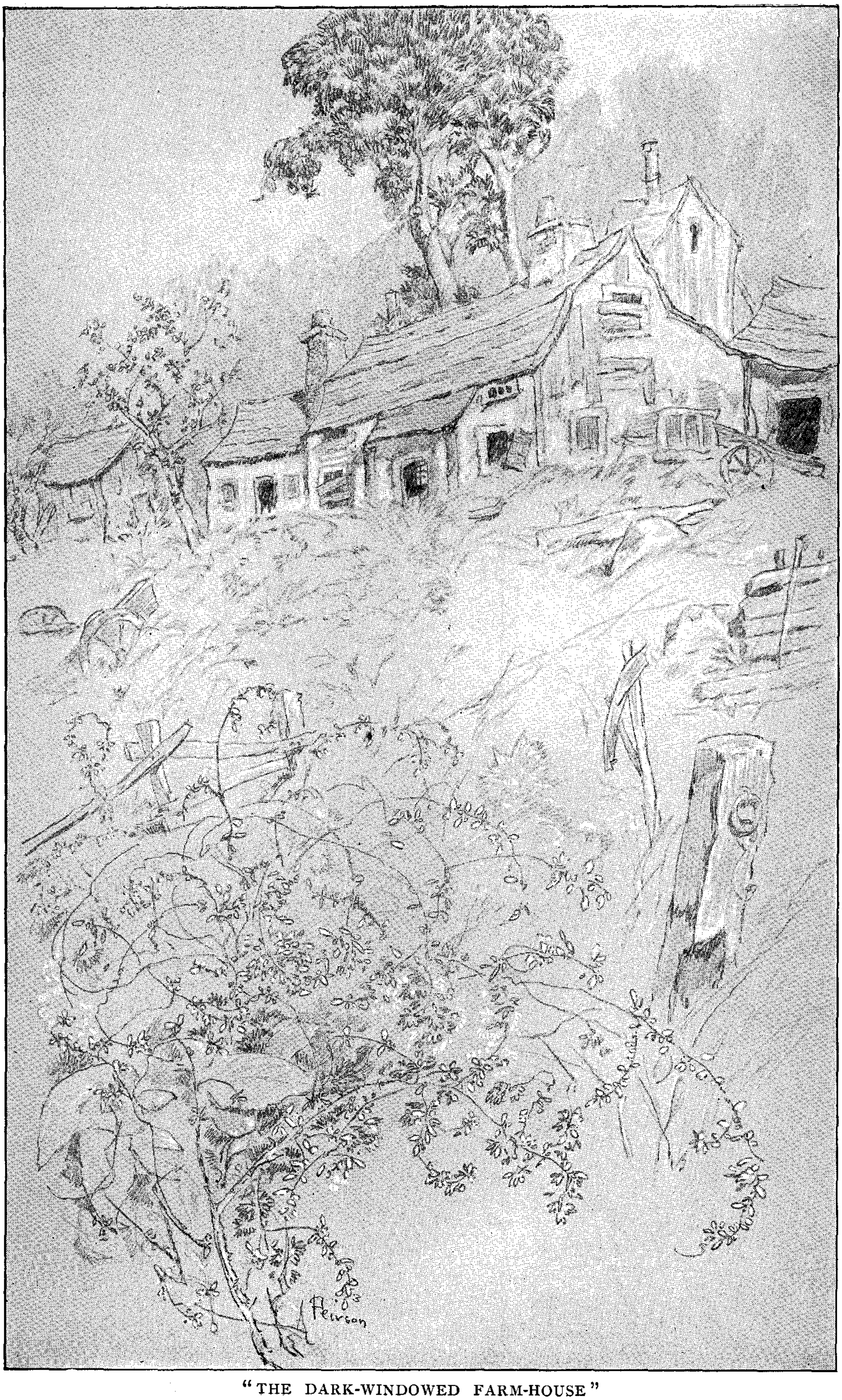
Could I tell him that an organ was as strange to me as the faces in the album I was holding? I handled over the black-bound hymnals and drew a few dear tunes from the yellowed keys, the old man, standing silent, listening.

But mine was the guilt for the bold sun's gleeful rampage in that ghost-chilled parlor; there was Appletown yet to see; and I knew what was going on outside, beneath the butternut, with Charles de Paw left again alone! So I bade the old man my farewells.

A quarter of a mile farther on the road came to an end altogether, and we halted on a grassy rise at the last of Appletown's fireless homesteads. My tall horse thrust around a solemn nose with a crafty and inquiring eye, but, taking firm grip of his forelock, I pushed him, bridle-free, into a walled patch of nodding clover, and turned back to the hillside.

Gaudy milkwort danced saucily at the foot of great boulders, half-screened with wild grape, and dwarf goldenrod spread over the slope like bedded sunshine. The somber wooded hills bore gallantly the scarlet splashes of the Master Paint-brush.

I clambered over the uncertain wall, rumbling down the rough stones in my

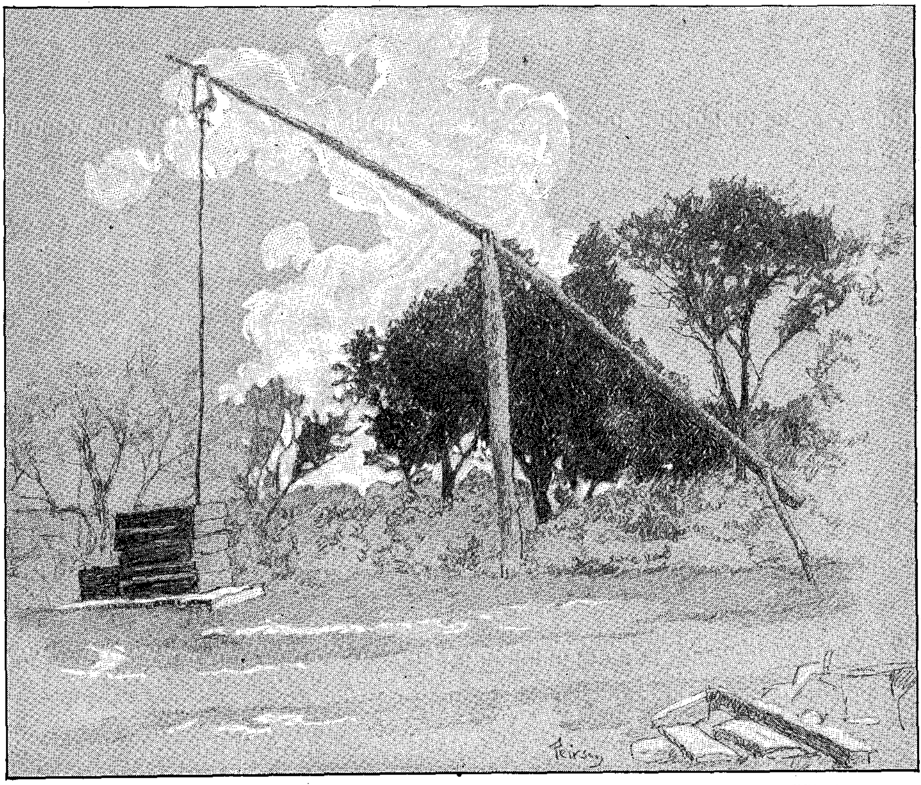


"THE DARK-WINDOWED FARM-HOUSE"

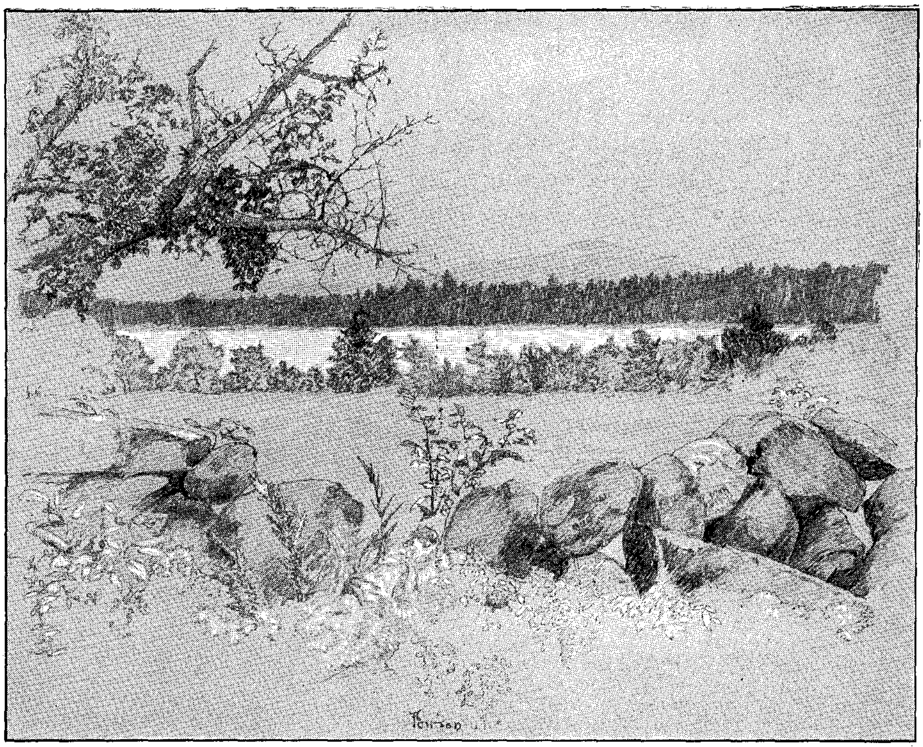
struggle for footing, and, safe over, I strolled up to the dark-windowed, dozy, porched farm-house, settling comfortably back under the stately elms. Neglected clumps of the spicy cinnamon-rose straggled up to its sagging door-sill, and ruined outbuildings lurched shamelessly to the four winds. Wagons and carts idled and rotted, wheel-deep in a mass of giant raspberry vines, and on the stacked wood-piles, rosetted with lichens, the frolicking chipmunks whisked at hide-and-seek. The roof of the toppling hen-house by the path was moss-shingled, and shadowing it crouched two apple trees, stealthily dropping to the ground their nose-ravishing treasure—great oval yellow Porters and shiny-cheeked red Astrakans, mellow to the core! I was bending to gather a few for my pampered steed, when a golden-winged woodpecker shot by me. A "flicker" within an apple's throw? I scurried down the slope and through a wide gap in the rail fence, following his sharp "harrie wicket, harrie wicket." And now I was captive for a dreaming hour or the whole afternoon to the magic of the orchard, for when the wood-birds throng, you turn, conscienceless, to the "shepherd's clock" for the hour o' day, and the lenient purple lupine is a sympathetic timekeeper.

The blackly mutinous sky had cleared to a cloud-flecked blue, and gorgeously before it swept flicker after flicker with snow-marked back and sun-lined wing. On a pine tree's trembling tip swayed two "thistle-birds" in chrome yellow and jet, and around them, gracefully dipping, wavered the rest of the goldfinch flock, with that "per-chic-o-ree, per-chic-o-ree," delicate as the whisper of fairies. Then back and forth and over and about the silver birches darted the bluebirds, warbling on the wing.

"Tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly," they were bluer and blither than ever, and from the heart of an alder clump a little "spot" sparrow was singing. Loitering along the brush to find him, my eye was caught by the slim, scroll-like trunk of a twin white birch, sparkling in the lure of a ruddy sumac.



"DANGLED A PERSUASIVE OLD WELL-SWEEP"



"THE TEN-MILE ROUND OF LONG POND"

And here a nuthatch, little puckster, impishly wiped his worm on the immaculate bark with a "quank-quank" so hearty and laugh-bringing that the fussiest housewife would shut both eyes to his naughtiness. A bluebird flew and a goldfinch came, and the goldfinch flew and more bluebirds came and turned and trilled and paled the sky with the gleam of their sunlit feathers, till the jingling foolishness of old nursery nonsense rioted through my head, jangling out in a tumble of parody:

O Appletown has a fine old farm
Way out in the rocks and alder—
With a goldfinch here
And a goldfinch there—
Here and there a "quank-quank"—
"Quank-quank" here and there—
All in the rocks and alder.

And that brown bit of a bird, why hunt him further? "Only a song-sparrow," had been my plaint earlier, in the May, but through the long dog-days in the general silence of the woods I had learned well the test of his dearness.

Not the demure coat he wears, neat and trim as it is, nor his friendly hop to meet you while he pumps his tail in greeting, but the stanch jollity of his song-note—that's his winning! Come rain, come dust, come heat, that quick, joyous outburst rings its same tinkling peal, and no ill mood of the day can keep him pent another minute.

So here in the alders I traced him, and as he flitted in and out among the twigs, I caught now and then the glint of his dainty locket, and the quiver of his bill, wide-flung in the throb of its "Sw—eêt, sw—eêt, sw—w-w-w-w-eêt!"

My trophies were few as I trudged back to the beggar sorrel, pricking his ears with an eager whinny. A black-eyed Susan for the bridle-head; a clutched armful of unruly apples for the tempting name's sake, and a whiff of pennyroyal from the "pastur'."

Pottertown is good—but the Potter farms brought now only the shade of a sigh. Snaptown is better—and for one drink from that old well I'd— But Appletown, yes, Appletown is best of all. I bit deep into a golden Porter, and turned at a gentle rub on my shoulder. In the first munch of his Appletown apple Charles de Paw forgave me.

THE YOUTH OF IRELAND

BY

MYRA KELLY

ANY one in search of Ireland's Freedom, that freedom of which poets sing and orators thunder, will find it serenely having everything its own way in the National Schools. There is no "organized oppression" in the system. In fact, the explorer will have considerable difficulty in finding the system. When I commented on a glaring inconsistency and a length of red tape, and pointed out to an eminent educator that such a thing would never be tolerated in America, he replied, "Ah yes, perhaps not, but then you know America is a free country, while in Ireland we do as we please."

They do! And against this happy spirit the Board of Education labors to great and many disadvantages. The Board is a serious and enlightened one, but it is placed in a most uncomfortable position. Above it are a Government and a Treasury which disregard nearly all its suggestions and refuse all its requisitions, moderate and conservative enough in comparison with American prodigality in this regard. Below it is a corps of teachers for whose work it is held responsible although they are not under its control. For between the Board and the teacher there lies the School Manager, not appointed by the Board and not responsible to the Board or to any one.

In the rural communities, and Ireland is largely a rural country, the school is managed by the most influential man in the village. He may be a retired army officer, or any public-spirited citizen with leisure, a little money, and some executive ability. It is not considered necessary that he should be in the least fitted for office; that he should know anything about schools, teaching, hygiene, physiology, psychology, or child study. But in the majority of villages the most influential man is, of course, the clergyman, either Roman Catholic or Anglican. And I have been told by ministers of both persuasions that neither Maynooth (the Catholic Clerical College), nor Trinity College, Dublin (the Anglican Divinity School), provides any training for this branch of their students' future work.

"It would be really quite unnecessary," as a superior young Protestant Churchman informed me when I questioned, very gently, his ability to judge good teaching from bad, to gauge the proper rate of advancement for children, to select and supervise teachers, text-books, special branches of study, in fact to dictate the entire policy of the education of his village; "after all, you know one has been at school one's self."

I fared little better with the benign, white-haired, apple-cheeked priest.

"Psychology?" said he. "Physiology? Oh, no, indeed. It's Theology and Canon Law and the care of the soul we learn at Maynooth. We had no time for worldly learning; no, nor any desire."

"But surely," I remarked, "psychology would be useful to you in your saving of souls. The word means to study the soul, doesn't it? And in the schools! Why, in Germany, the Mecca of teachers—"

"Oh, Germany!"—with much scorn.

"Well, even in America," I urged, "we wouldn't think of allowing any one to train a child, body and mind, unless he knew something about the laws governing body and mind."

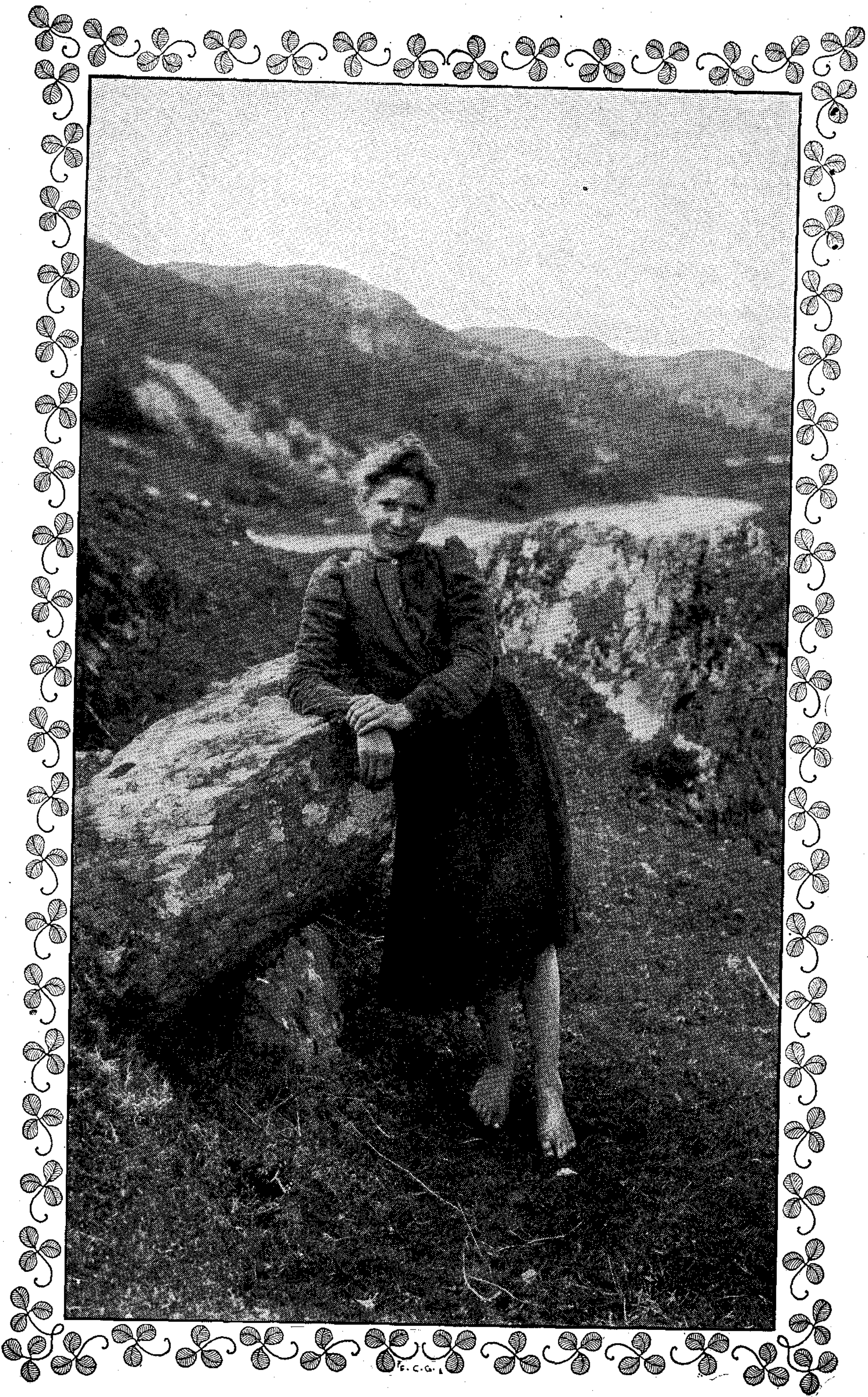
His Reverence regarded me with pained disillusion.

"The workings of the body," said he, "is no subject for a woman to meddle with. And the working of the human mind is known only to God."

The ideal towards which the Board of Education in Ireland is working is a system of large schools, modern, sanitary, well equipped to meet all the demands of the modern public school education, supervised with intelligence and regularity, managed with enlightenment and abundance, and officered by a corps of teachers trained and chosen from among the graduates of one of the Board's own training-schools. So strong is this desire that frequently when application is made for funds for the erection of a new schoolhouse the suggestion is made that a bus shall be provided and maintained by the Board to carry the children to some large school, too far away perhaps for them to walk to it. But the would-be managers again scent the Germanic influence, and insist upon their own school in their own village. Again "they do as they like." The result is that Manual Training, Physical Culture, the Elementary Arts and Sciences, Industrial Training, Agriculture, Horticulture, and the Kindergarten are confined generally to the city children; while the country boys and girls, sorely needing all these pathways to efficiency, get what they can from the three R's and make little progress beyond the state of their fathers. The whole country is dotted with schools not much larger nor more sanitary than the average cottage.

The report of the Board for 1907 shows the total number of schools to be 5,830, of which number 5,606 consist of but one room. The average number of scholars *enrolled* for each school is 125½. The average *attendance* is 83. There are 2,850 schools with an average attendance of less than 35. In almost every instance they flout and trample upon the Teuton prejudice, shared in America, in favor of a fixed number of cubic feet of air per child.

These astonishing truancy statistics are natural to a rural population, bitterly poor. There is a close connection between agriculture and school attendance. At all the seasons important in the life history of the potato the roll books would suggest a plague. Hardly a child can be spared when there is so much to do and so few to do it. At the harvesting, too, of



AN IRISH PEASANT GIRL

the other crops the school benches will be bare of girls as well as boys, for girls can glean in the fields as well as their brothers, or can take care of the house and the babies while their mothers and even their grandmothers snatch what they can from the niggard land they love so well. Long distances, moreover, separate cabin from cabin and village from village. And some allowance must be made when a journey is six miles long, the traveler five years old, and every hedge and wall and abandoned cabin is beset by the homeward-driving terror of banshee or "leprahaun." Often, too, the roads are for months impassable for small bare feet, and slow and difficult even for the proud wearers of clumsy brogues.

It would seem that these facts would be of interest and assistance to the Board of Education, but that body is not supposed to have any possible connection with them. The Commissioners of School Attendance have offices in Dublin several distorted miles from the Board of Education. They have their own Inspectors, their own methods of gaining and arranging statistics, and when they have neatly tabulated them they make report, not to the Commissioner of Education, not to the Superintendent in charge of the district concerned—not even, as a last resort, to the Constabulary Sergeant or the Manager, but straight to the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of all Ireland. No one could bring forward any reason. "It was done," that's all. Nor did any one explain the, to American ears, almost incredible statement that the number of children enrolled or in attendance was decreasing from year to year. The "Reports" showed it. That was all.

This is one of the manifestations of Irish freedom which surprise an ex-teacher accustomed to the instant and cordial co-operation of the New York Boards of Health, Education, Street Cleaning, the Gerry Society, and the Metropolitan Police. For in Ireland there is no such co-operation, and the "doing as they please" seems to extend to Boards and Commissions, and certainly does extend to the managers and teachers of the schools.

The manager appoints the teacher. The teacher's salary is paid by the Board of Education to the manager. The manager has absolute authority to dismiss a teacher, giving his reason or withholding it as he may desire. He may inspect the school at any hour. He is expected to do so frequently (I have never been able to secure even an approximation of what the word "frequently" in this regard is supposed to mean). He is in all ways a more active and visible force in the teacher's life than that impersonal Board of Education which manifests itself semi-occasionally in the form of departmental "literature" and once annually in the person of the Inspector.

The teaching staff of the Irish National Schools is gradually being improved. The infirm, the ignorant, and the incompetent are being gradually weeded out. The profession was formerly the refuge of decayed gentility, precocious peasantry, the "spoiled priest"—the young man who begins his ecclesiastical training and stops it short of ordination—the inconvenient relative, and the black sheep. Through philanthropy or interest they got their appointments, and through the national inertia they kept them. Often, too, these teachers have taken root and sent out branches. I visited one little country school-house where a master and a mistress presided over fourteen small destinies. There was an air of friendliness and confidence between teacher and pupil strikingly at variance with what I had seen elsewhere. There was also a smaller scholar than I had yet encountered. The Regulations admit of three years, but the baby who sat in a chair beside the schoolmaster's seemed hardly two. Every one was very busy when suddenly the schoolmistress looked up:

"John!" she called. "John! for the love of Heaven, will you look. The child's eatin' chalk!"

John was the schoolmaster. He seized the child with a practiced hand and inserted a practiced finger into its breathing apparatus.

The schoolmistress broke into tears. Nine of the school-children followed suit, though one, a girl of about thirteen, was self-possessed enough to fetch a cup of water from the well outside. Presently the chalk was reclaimed, the uproar quieted, and I turned to commiserate the female teacher, who was still suffering great excitement.

"She's always gettin' somethin' in her mouth," complained that harassed lady. "She has me heart scalded some days."

"I shouldn't let them send her," said I. "She's too young."

"And where would I put her, then, while I'm here teachin' the others, and here I have to be?"

And it is the astonishing truth that the teachers were husband and wife; that nine of the fourteen children were their own, and that they all lived in the schoolhouse.

When I congratulated the head master upon his thriftiness in supplying his own scholars, he looked at me with rather morose eye, though he admitted that without them his appointment would lapse. Even the weeniest one had to be enrolled to keep the numbers up.

"But it would be a convenience," he informed me, "if they lived a little way off." Some teachers he could name had many a day to themselves when rain kept the scholars away. "There was no such luck for him," he complained; "there they were, day and night, under his feet."

This is an extreme case, and the report for the year of 1908 shows sixty-seven per cent of all the teachers to be trained. These young men and women have gone through a course very similar to that in any good Normal School in America, and the Board of Education is endeavoring to persuade the School Managers to select their teachers from among them. But here, again, as always, it encounters opposition. In all the surprising situation there is nothing more surprising than the continued coherence and effort of this group of devoted gentlemen who find themselves thwarted and overruled on all sides. The whole administrative body adopts towards the Board very much the attitude of the immortal Mr. Silas Wegg: "with the single exception of the salary," they renounce all obedience and allegiance.

In the case of teachers for country schools the opposition is twofold. The graduate students, naturally, prefer to work in the cities and in graded schools where they will not be expected to teach all stages of all subjects, and where they will not be exposed to the discomfort and heartache of village life nor to the authority of the average School Manager. The managers find it convenient and profitable to retain their subservient and unenlightened teachers rather than to apply to the Board for a trained man or woman and to bring reform and modern methods about their heads. It is the uneducated thirty-three per cent that is responsible for nearly all the mistakes, the cruelty, and the neglect which would be apparent to the merest outsider, but which, to a teacher, seem absolutely criminal. Dirty rooms—damp, unaired, and swept (an official told me) "once a year; by order." No attempt at decoration, no word of beauty, no music, no play. A herd of miserable little creatures, emaciated, frightened, bewildered, and for the most part dirty; crowded upon benches so much too tall for their little legs that rows or feet, well shod, tattered, or bare, dangle several inches from the ground. These benches generally without backs, and each child from the largest girl to the tiniest toddling "infant" wears continually its heavy school-bag slung from one bony shoulder to the opposite twisting hip. In front of each bench stretches a "desk" with nothing to differentiate it from an ordinary board except its slight slope and an occasional ink-well. The desk behind is not near enough to act as a support, yet is near enough to make, of weariness, the temptation to rest against it. Hence the catching of many a pitiful "crab" by many a tired young learner.

The same amazing aloofness of one Government official from another obtains in the question of the school health. This is, of course, the business of the manager and teachers, but they relegate it to the health officer of the district. He *never* inspects the school; it would be contrary to etiquette; and he only turns drowsily in his official chair when an epidemic breaks out. Then the school is closed and the children, thoroughly impregnated, retire to their homes and fight it out with fate and a constitution built on potatoes, strong tea, sour bread, and a climate so damp and enervating as to be world-famous.

Yet in each district there is a physician appointed by Government. He is called the Dispensary Doctor, and if children

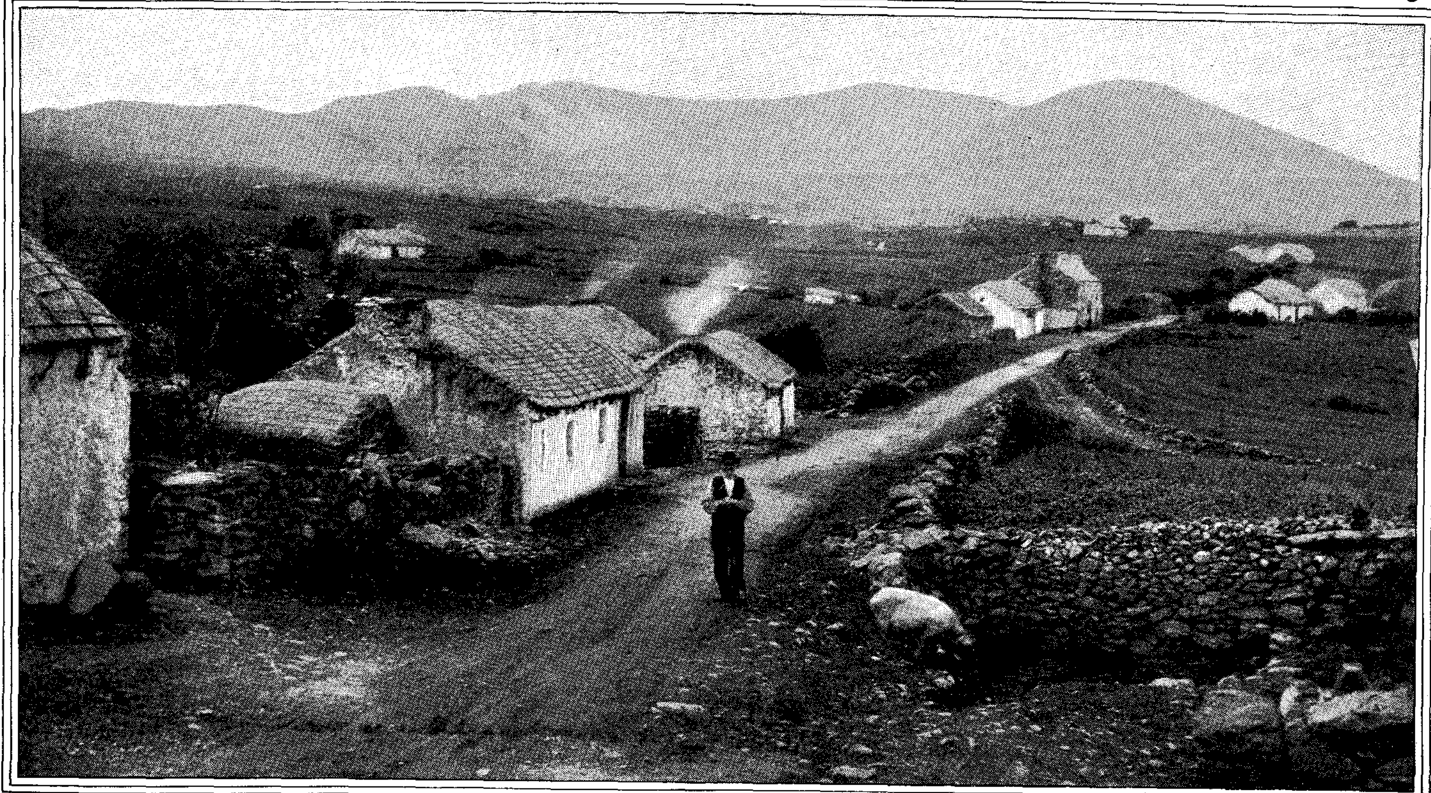
A "MOTHERS' MEETING"

are brought to him he will "sarch" them, as the process is described, and send them home to bed or back to school. But he never visits the school-house. It would be unprofessional, contrary to etiquette again, for him to do so. "Drumming up trade," such a procedure would be described by the peasants, who know perfectly well that he receives an allowance from Government for each case attended. But I have visited schools which even to my inexperienced eye showed forth plainly the enjoyment of an epidemic of ringworm and another queer spreading sore, beginning generally on the mouth, transferred to the hands, and going quickly on to other hands and mouths. It was upon one of my first visits that I noticed this epidemic. It was a little later in the same visit that I discovered its cause. Slates! In this day and generation, slates! And cleaned by what I heard described in another connection as the "nathural met'od."

Remonstrating with careful tact upon the subject of slates, I learned that paper was too expensive. "I'd like it well enough meself," said the voice of authority, a rather weary, discouraged voice to belong to so young a man, "for it's very discouraging to the little ones to get their sums all wrote out so neat and pretty and to have to—well, wash—them off again. It'd discourage meself. But how am I going to buy paper for them? Paper's cruel high."

Discoveries followed rapidly. No supplies are furnished by the Board, which provides only for the salary of the teacher, half the cost of the school-house, and four or five geographical maps. There its munificence stops. It stands ready to supply lists of eligible teachers, suitable school-books, and an extremely up-to-date and practical manual entitled "Notes for Teachers," with the ordinary daily programmes and matters of a like help and interest. Further than that it cannot go. The Treasury sees to that.

Under such circumstances and handi-

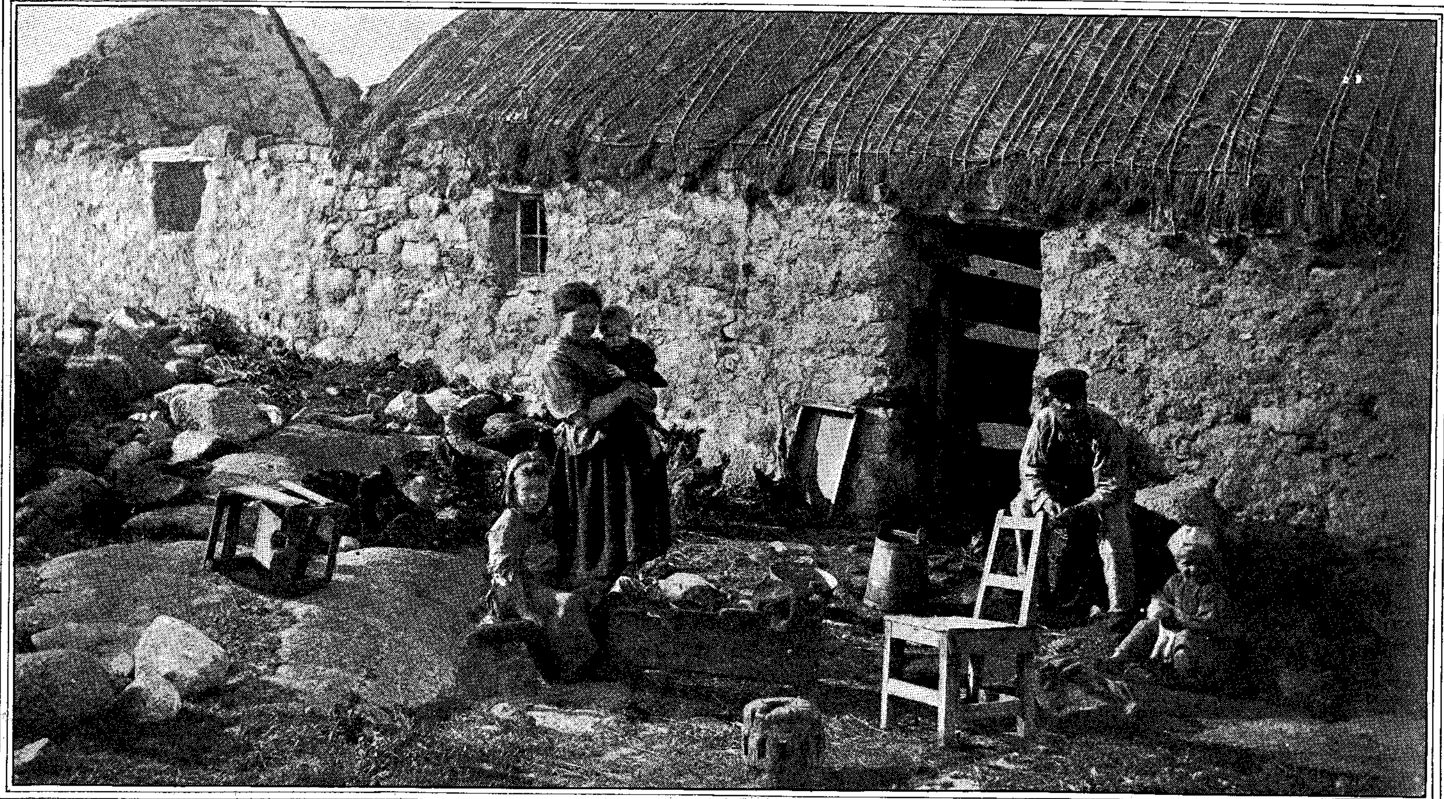


A TYPICAL VILLAGE

caps there is little place or chance for good teaching. How they teach anything at all is a cause for dumb wonder. Yet they do. The children learn to read and write. They also learn the rudiments of arithmetic and a mastery of the puzzling currency of the realm. Imagine a handful of change consisting of farthings, halfpennies, pennies, threepenny bits, sixpences, shillings, florins, half-crowns, four-shilling pieces, crowns, half-sovereigns, and sovereigns. All these coins are in active circulation, though those of the higher denomination are largely mythical in rural Ireland. And besides all these they patter away of the extinct guinea, a sovereign plus a shilling. To see those children in their rags and tatters going through orgies of imaginary shopping is a sight to wring the heart. They made purchases with the extravagance of the Queen of Sheba, and they made change with the accuracy of a cash register. From time to time a new branch of study is added to the official programme, but without appropriation of funds to defray the cost of its introduction. These little fancies on the part of the powers that be make no ripple in the back waters. The three R's and the Catechism still suffice. So, too, does the Chinese method of acquiring knowledge.

You hear from afar a constant rising and falling, swelling and dying noise like unto the swarming of bees. Instantly you recognize the near presence of a school, and, as Irish hospitality holds even the school-house door open, you enter and for a moment produce dead silence. But by the time you have been welcomed and granted the freedom of the place the buzzing has begun again. Before you have quite explained that you are from America and interested in schools, the buzz has grown to a roar and you are back in the days of Confucius. Knowledge is absorbed in solid chunks. The meaning may or may not be intelligible to the "young learner." The subject matter may be upon the blackboard or in a text-book propped open before the child's eyes. It may even be in no more tangible form than the teacher's leading voice. The young learner clasps his hands around his knees, balances himself on the extreme edge of his bench, fills his eyes or his ears with enough Truth to carry him over a few minutes, and is then ready for business. He shuts his eyes, sways back and forth, back and forth on his perch, and chants, now low, now high, now soft, now strong, "M E A N mean. Six times eleven is sixty-six. Murder is a mortal sin. Nine from twenty and eleven left. The cat has four feet. Do, ra, mi, fa. The harp is a musical instrument of ancient Ireland." All these go on together, but they are not by any means the only occurrences to break the tedium of the morning. They are only the preparatory study. In each corner there is a class in action. In one, high and clear above the general accompaniment, a small child with his book upside down is triumphantly reading and gaining the admiration of his semicircle of fellows. They turn their faces towards the wall and seemingly shut away from their minds, as completely as from their eyes, all knowledge of the iniquity of murder, the antiquity of the harp, and the fluctuating quotations of that morning.

In another corner a group of tall girls are "doing sums" on slates, adding the pleasant note of the slate pencil, and of the faster, more stealthily whispered computation, to the studious atmosphere. From the arithmetic group to the reading group the head teacher plunges back and forth, yet giving pretty thorough attention to each and finding time to be very sharp indeed with the boy in the central portion of the room, supposed to be writing in his copy-book, but who in reality is eating a cold potato. In the third corner the "infants" are being taught all the leaves in the forest in one benighting shower by the female teacher, who would seem to have made a hurried toilette. She turns during her demonstration, and presents to the botanizing infants a blouse whose central buttons are gone, and through whose aperture thus created a large corset steel protrudes. It has a fierce mediæval air which conveys to the imagination the idea that she has been stabbed in the back at some dark hour of night and hasn't yet noticed it. Fortunately, the infants are not imaginative. They are blandly puzzled by the shower of leaves, and so thoroughly that I very carefully suggest to the murdered maiden that perhaps fifteen new names, descrip-



THE HOME OF AN IRISH PEASANT

tions, and distinctions at one blow may "come hard" to the infant mind.

"Well, maybe you're right," half-heartedly, "but I have to learn them all to them one time or another, so I might as well begin at once. Shure you have no idea the throubles we have since we took to teachin' kindergardenin', and I can tell you it's not popular with the mothers and the fathers to be spending good money dressing children to send to school and giving them pennies to be learned the names of the trees. 'Twas different when I got me education. Then we got some good out of it. 'Twas the tables, the spellin'-book, and the catechism brought me where I am. Leaves indeed!"

I was so accustomed to the noise, as of many mills grinding, which I had learned to associate with a National School in action that I was amazed when, upon a sunny morning, I found a little country school-house very small and silent and only distinguishable from the cabins about it by the neat little signboard over its door. The outer door was open. The body of a small fat child held it so. Beside the small fat child was another not quite so fat nor quite so small. Behind them in the narrow hallway hung a few disreputable hats and caps and shawls. The inner door leading to the school-room was closed.

"Ye can't go in," the bigger little boy told me in a hoarse whisper; "ye can't go in. It's Catechism: I was bid to say so to any one that kem." So, as he seemed conversational and there was time to spare, I too sat upon the sunny doorstep. We exchanged opinions, as passing travelers may, and I confess it was I who stooped first to the personal with—"And why aren't you at catechism?"

"I'm minding him," he explained, making yet more secure his hold on the knee of the very fat little boy's trousers. The culprit looked at me with large round eyes and took a meditative bite out of a piece of bread and butter and sugar. Nobly he shared his feast with his guardian and solemnly he offered the remains to me.

"Minding him?" said I, surprised that so small a body and so blue an eye could cover guilt. "Is he very bad?"

"He is, Miss. He's a Protestant, God help him, and I'm sent out here to mind him till his own comes for him."

It seemed somehow but right that I too should wait until he was claimed by his own. And presently she appeared, calmly coasting down the hill upon her bicycle. It was the blue eye of the fat child that first distinguished her, and he broke from his captor's clasp and set out upon incredibly short legs to imperil his life under the oncoming wheels. Meanwhile the larger boy explained to me: "He'll be all right now, Miss; that's Lady Ethel;" and added, as he saw the surprise in my eyes, "Don't have no traffics or dealing with her! She's a Protestant too, God help her!"—with which words he went back to his own catechism, leaving me to watch the desperado's welcome of his Valkyrie and her patiently smiling reception of it and the stain of butter and sugar which he imprinted upon her sleeve.

"I'm afraid," said she to me, taking her place on the sunny doorstep. "that I'm late. Johnny, where are the others?"

"They didn't come to-day. I'm all there is," he answered. And the Lady Ethel, being as kind as I was curious, explained that, according to the Laws of the Board of Education, "In vested schools such pastors or other persons as shall be approved by the parents or guardians of the children must have access to them in the school-room for the purpose of giving them religious instruction." She had undertaken the religious education of Johnny and of four larger Episcopalian souls in that particular school, but had waived the school-room. In some schools, generally of course in city districts, children of several varying religious denominations are enrolled, and one poor badgered head teacher complained to me that the various comings and goings of these amateur sky pilots wrought havoc with discipline, the course of study, and nearly everything else.

One can readily imagine it. A Baptist young lady at eleven o'clock may insist that every Baptist of whatever age or sex shall instantly gather and hearken to her voice. At a quarter to twelve all the Presbyterians may be weeded out to receive their particular religious food, and at certain hours of the day every non-Catholic child is thrown into outer darkness while the Catholics, generally in the majority, have their spiritual needs attended to. Everywhere in Ireland one crosses and recrosses these dividing lines set down in the name of religion. And everywhere they seem to radiate rancor and all uncharity. This is but a corner of the hotbed of religious difficulty with which the Education Bill, recently killed in Parliament, tried so unsuccessfully to deal.

"Kindergartning" as practiced in the Emerald Isle would make Herr Froebel—always spoken as though his name rhymed with bubble—regret that he had ever been born.

"I think," said an expert kindergartner in one of the large towns I visited, "that you will find our ideas very different from yours in America." She was a very superior expert with an acquired English accent veneered upon a Kerry brogue, and she kept her eyes lackadaisically closed when she spoke. I politely expressed an expectation that things would be quite as I was accustomed to them, though the bare, grimy, unadorned room had already warned me—

"Ah, but I hope not," she answered. "You follow Frubble so slavishly! Here we realize that he knew very little about children. I think he would be surprised to see what some of the little tots here can do." (He would.) "We adopt some of his theories, but we modify them. Of course he was quite wonderful—for a German—but he knew nothing about Irish children."

This superior person is "doing as she pleases." She is also rising above Germanic slavery and the recommendations of the Board. Of course she felt puffed up and independent. She was in the enjoyment of perfect self-satisfaction and any amount of self-activity.

In fact, she monopolized that educational requisite in her domain. The children who presently appeared in a hushed and terrified line certainly had none of it, and they were ordered about, scolded, and browbeaten as though they were a regiment on the verge of mutiny. Presently they were all crowded into their places on long benches and put through a brisk half-hour of writing, with ink, in their copy-books. A mental arithmetic session ensued, and children of three years were being dragged through the perplexities of "How many oranges is three-quarters of a dozen?" When I rose to take my leave, it was perhaps just as well that the expert had that little way of shutting her eyes during conversation, otherwise I fear that we might not have parted quite so cordially.

"You do notice some differences?" she purred, as she took my hand.

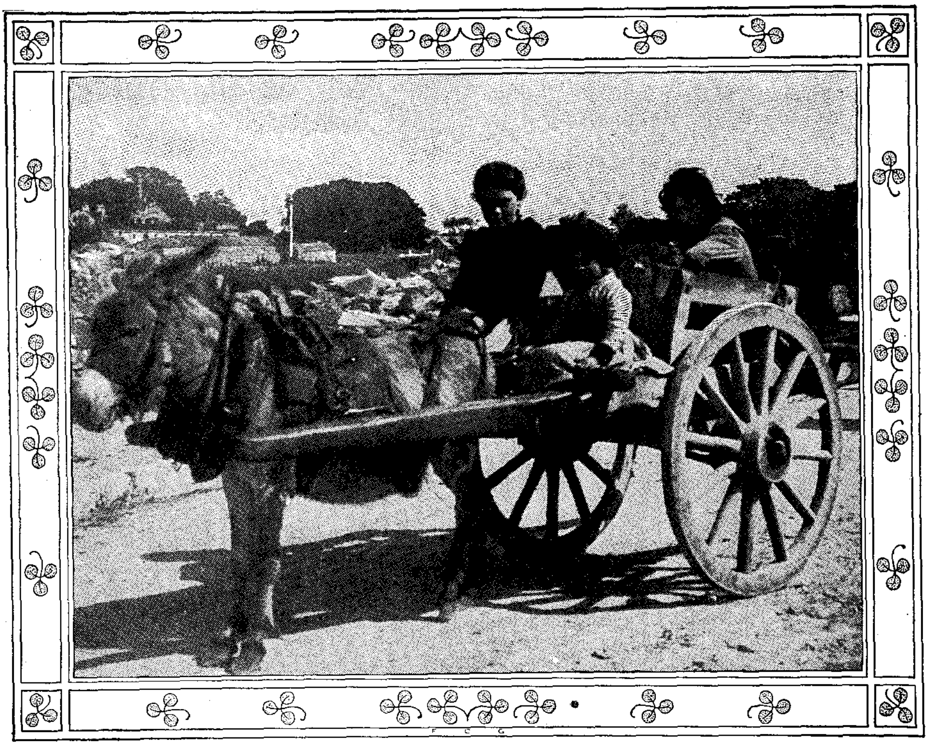
"I do," I assured her in all frankness. "I notice a great many."

As I have said, new subjects are being constantly added to the official curriculum and as frequently ignored by the teaching staff. But within the last few years the teaching of Gaelic has been doggedly, jubilantly, in good faith, or for questionable political purposes, forced upon the Board of Education—and, since the Board is almost sullenly averse to it, the idea has met with ecstatic acclaim all through the country. Political parties, leagues, guilds, and organizations of all kinds have been formed to foster this new movement. The arguments most often heard in favor of it are three. The first and most popular is that as soon as Ireland has learned to speak her own language she will be, diplomatically and strategetically, independent of England. A great national renaissance will take place, and Erin will step into the world's arena a Nation, full-fledged, with an identity all her own. And a navy. They are especially strong on that.

"Then what will we care for England?" demanded a village orator. "What will we care what she says? Be the powers," he boasted largely, "we'll not know a word she's saying to us."

Another argument used in favor of the movement is that nothing else, not religion, not libraries, not courses of adapted lectures, not purely political meetings, have ever produced in the youth of heartsore Ireland the enthusiasm and the solidarity awakened by this Gaelic revival. It is the intention of those who advocate this view to make use of this healthy and genuine interest to introduce all sorts of reforms and instruction which have never been accepted through any other vehicle.

The third class is the more purely æsthetical, generally hysterical, who have already learned a little bad Gaelic, and insist upon talking it in all the relations of



OUT FOR A PLEASURE TRIP

life, until they have no relations left to talk to. They will burble of the gems of truth and beauty concealed in Gaelic literature, but as they refuse to translate them into English, it is difficult to share in their enthusiasm.

Now these three divisions of the Gaelic host have descended, at different times since they are not upon speaking terms with one another, upon the ill-fated Board of Education. They have ranted in Parliament. They have intrigued at home, and the Gaelic language is now an "extra" in 2,861 schools. In 120 schools English and Gaelic are taught simultaneously. By an "extra" is meant a subject taught inside the school building but outside the school hours.

I was present at one of the lessons. It occupied the half-hour just before the formal opening of school at ten o'clock. A group of twelve or fourteen children were gathered about a wild and fearsome specimen of mankind. He roared unintelligible sounds at the children, who roared them back at him. They had no books, no guide except his voice, and no individual instruction. He had arrived on a bicycle accompanied by a large collie dog. They were both muddy, and he had brought them both into the school-room with him—the bicycle for safety but the dog for discipline. It was an old dog and experienced, and it herded those children into good behavior with a wonderful sagacity. When ten o'clock struck—it was twenty-five minutes past by my watch—the head master assumed control of affairs, while the dog, the Gael, the bicycle, and I went out into the soft damp morning.

"Did ye see how I got it out of them?" he asked, with a friendliness surprising in one so large and hairy. "I'll get a good sum out of that lot, come examinations."

"How much do you think?" I asked, accepting my cue.

"Three shillings a pass. And I think, one way or another, I'll make them all pass."

"And if they don't?"

"I'll lose me three shillings; that's all; and what I've spent on books for them, and copy-books. I teach them," he went on, "be the nathural met'od."

He was very kind. He explained the working of the "nathural met'od." "The child," he began—and I almost jumped to hear that old familiar technicality so far from home—"the child in its cradle imitates the sounds it hears about it; but does it understand those sounds? No!"

"But those children," said I, "are beyond cradle age. They imitate the sounds you make—oh, most clearly and distinctly they imitate them—but don't they understand?"

"They do *not!*" said he proudly. "I'm teaching them, I told you, be the nathural met'od."

"It is very wonderful," I managed to assure him.

"Sure it's nothing at all, ma'am, to us that has the thrick. We teach them to write the same way," and he produced a neat and beautifully written copy-book from the bag upon his bicycle. "One of them in there done that," he told me. "One of the smallest girls!" It looked like careful Greek to the uninitiated eye. Column after column of words, exact, straight-marshaled.

"And does she not know what it all means?" I repeated.

"Sorra a word," he answered happily. "Why should she? Isn't the writing enough for her at the one time? That's the beauty of the nathural met'od."

"Would you be so kind," said I, "as to tell me, in strict confidence of course, what it means?"

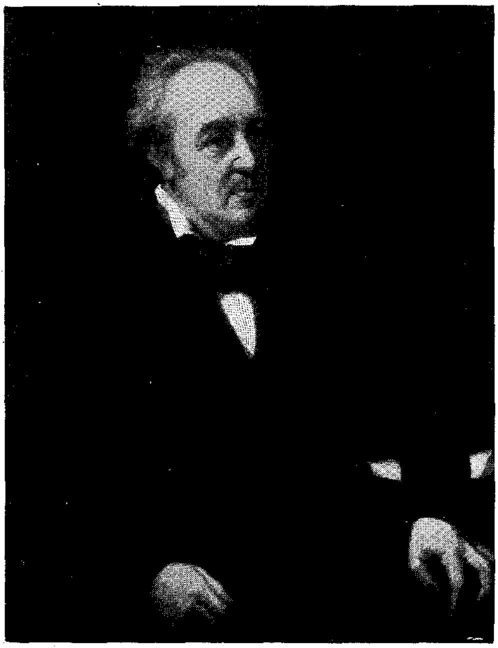
"Is it tell *you?*" he began, with great warmth. "Of course I'll tell you!" And he took the book. For a little space he studied it, with brows drawn together, serious attention in every feature. Then he closed the book and put it back in the bag.

"Ah, miss, I'll not be saddening your young face with the words in that book," said he, with a large benevolence. "Them words is what I call the saddest as ever was wrote. Sure you wouldn't be asking me for the meaning of them?" I didn't. I was born within hearing of the Shandon Bells. He recognized my ladylike restraint, and we fared along the muddy road together. I regret that I was obliged to tuck a very wet blanket over his instantly formed resolution to come to America to let the torch of the "nathural met'od" shine in the drawing-rooms of New York, and of its pleasant suburbs Chicago and San Francisco. He may yet come over and lead his raucous chorus in some Irish-American Club, for I fear he is doomed. The Board of Education, still untiring, still unthanked, is weeding out the professors of this too, too "nathural met'od."

THE HAMADRYAD

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR



SEVENTH OF A SERIES
OF GREAT POEMS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE contradictions in Landor's career are so many and so dramatic that they give the keynote to his character. No other English writer has left such a variety and range of comment on life and art, and yet none has been more helpless in dealing with his own affairs; a man of meditative habit, brooding over men and events, he could say, "I never did a single wise thing in the whole course of my existence." Perhaps no man has contributed a larger number of great thoughts to English literature, and yet it is true, as Lowell said, that he was not a great thinker; not a great thinker, that is, in the sense of having a consistent and fruitful view of things. Of no other poet in our language can it be said more truthfully that his work has the classical qualities than Landor—the qualities of objectivity, restraint, simplicity, lucidity—and yet no one among English poets has been more impulsive, violent, and unbalanced in judgment. He thought like a sage and acted like a Titanic boy; he had a temperament of volcanic explosiveness, and yet it was his special gift to write poetry of crystalline purity of form and of the most delicately shaded beauty of feeling.

"I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught
That roused within the feverish thirst of song."

Born in Shakespeare's country, Landor had something of Shakespeare's breadth of view, power of looking at things detached from himself, and fecundity; but he had little of Shakespeare's flowing humor, spontaneity, wealth of sympathy, and richness of imagination; and in method and form the two poets were antipodal. A scholar by instinct and training, deeply read in many fields, conscious of the extraordinary force of his mind, and of great physical strength, Landor's attitude toward the world was one of assured superiority. When he said, "I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select," he was well within the truth; there were a few, and of the best, who recognized his genius during his life; the larger reading public gave him small attention; and, forty-five years after his death, his guests are still few, but their presence is an honor to the host, and they linger late:

"I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck, and said,
Take what hath been for years delayed,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Headstrong, tumultuous, rash, Landor was a violent republican while yet a boy at Rugby, correcting the scholarly estimates of bishops, even going so far as to wish that the French would invade England and hang George III between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York! But there were genial slopes on the sides of this volcanic nature, and he never lacked devoted friends. In Trinity College, at Oxford, he was the "mad Jacobin," and succeeded in getting himself rusticated by sending, as a practical joke, a charge of shot across the hall into a room where a rival party was being held and then refusing to give any information about the occurrence. Returning home, he promptly quarreled with his father and set out to make his own fortune.

No man of greater genius, energy, and generosity of nature ever started on a more hopeless quest than did Landor when he left his father's house. He read diligently, worked hard, wrote "Gebir," an epic of tragic import, which the poets have always loved, but of which the reading public remembers only the famous lines on the sea-shell:

"Shake one and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

In 1808 Landor equipped a regiment and went to Spain to fight Napoleon; a romantic enterprise which dissolved in a cloud of quarrels, its sole practical result being the writing of "Count Julian." Then he married in great haste and repented through a long leisure; left England because his over-generous living bred importunate creditors; fled to Italy; spent two decades at Florence or in its lovely suburb, Fiesole; quarreled with his wife at sixty and returned to England; at eighty-three, a passionate and undignified Lear, he went back to Italy to be watched over by Browning, and to die like an untamed lion in 1864. At seventy-eight he published "The Last Fruit of an Old Tree," and prefixed it with the haughty lines:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Landor's literary activity, beginning in 1795 and ending in 1863, extended over a period of sixty-eight years. He was almost equally at home in English and Latin, in prose and verse, in essay, lyric, and drama; he gave the word "conversation" a new and wider meaning in literature. He admired Pindar's "proud complacency and scornful strength. If I could resemble him in nothing else, I was resolved to be as compendious and as exclusive." In his work in all kinds he revealed the qualities the lack of which brought his life into confusion: self-control, dignity, calmness, and temperance of speech. The "Imaginary Conversations" cover a wide range of ancient and modern life, and are crowded with close characterizations, criticism, and comment. "The Citation of William Shakespeare"—of which Lamb said that only two men could have written it, he who wrote it and the man about whom it was written—is the most notable piece of literature that Warwickshire has produced since Shakespeare's time, and is a striking study of the poet and his neighbors at Charlecote. There are heavy pages in the "Pentameron," but there are also pages steeped in the atmosphere of the older Florence and not lacking the Boccaccian flavor. In beauty of phrase, both in prose and verse, "Pericles and Aspasia" is a little masterpiece and belongs in a place by itself; for there is nothing quite akin to it in English. Like Maurice de Guérin's lovely fragment, "The Centaur," it conveys that elusive sense of the antique which is the soul of the religion, sculpture, temples, poetry that have so deeply wrought upon the human spirit. The joyous England of the Renaissance; the passionate, beauty-loving Italy of Boccaccio and Petrarch; the exquisite poetry of form and feeling, of art and life, of men and women moving in sculpturesque beauty under a cloudless sky—how vital and how penetrating the genius that compassed these various potencies of life, these diverse aspects of art!

The "Hellenics," some written originally in Latin and later translated into English, and some written originally in English, were finally collected and published in 1847.

> "Who will away to Athens with me? Who
> Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers
> Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist the sail!"

To these exquisite poems the much-abused adjective "classical" belongs. They are perhaps the best examples in English of the qualities of antique verse—objectiveness, simplicity, lucidity, restraint; their charm is atmospheric, and issues from pure form, definiteness of line, and distinctness of molding. There is no touch of mysticism on these bright presences, no haunting sense of unfathomable abysses; they embody the beauty of natural life, the grace of unconscious action, the free play of spontaneous creation. The loveliness resides not in suggestion but in definition; but definition which substitutes the play of a plastic hand for the precision of formal logic. The beauty of these poems is the beauty of perfect form in a crystalline air, not the beauty of color heightened by a diffused richness of atmosphere; it is the beauty of a free and gracious order rather than that of a poignant and penetrating individuality. H. W. M.

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè rais'd her citadel,
Then olive was entwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses regular and large;
For various men wore various coronals,
But one was their devotion; 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.
  Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And ere he ended, sighed; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with ax;
This we may do in winter."
Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the ax should fall;
He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd and said, "Echion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some god
Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of color like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echion, half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.
"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the ax shone behind him in their eyes.

Hamad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? No vow demands it; no god wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither would thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side?
Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?
Rhaicos. Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birthday since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.
Hamad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.
Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it: 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, forever, one who says that she
Will love forever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough.
It shows such kindness—if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.
Hamad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?
Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.
Hamad. But wilt thou spare the tree?
Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.
Hamad. Awhile? thy father numbers then my days?
Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?
Hamad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.
Hamad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.
Rhaicos. O sight for gods! ye men below! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.
Hamad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay—
Ask not how much—but very much. Rise not:
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.
Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphroditè!
O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?
Hamad. Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.
Rhaicos. Where is it?
Hamad. In this oak.
Rhaicos. Ay; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad; tell it through.
Hamad. Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!
Rhaicos. For shame I cannot rise. O pity me!
I dare not sue for love—but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee—not once more,
But many days: let me love on—unloved!
I aimed too high: on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamad. Go—rather go, than make me say I love.
Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)
I am immortal too: my vow is heard—
Hark! on the left—Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.
Hamad. Do men take first, then claim?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

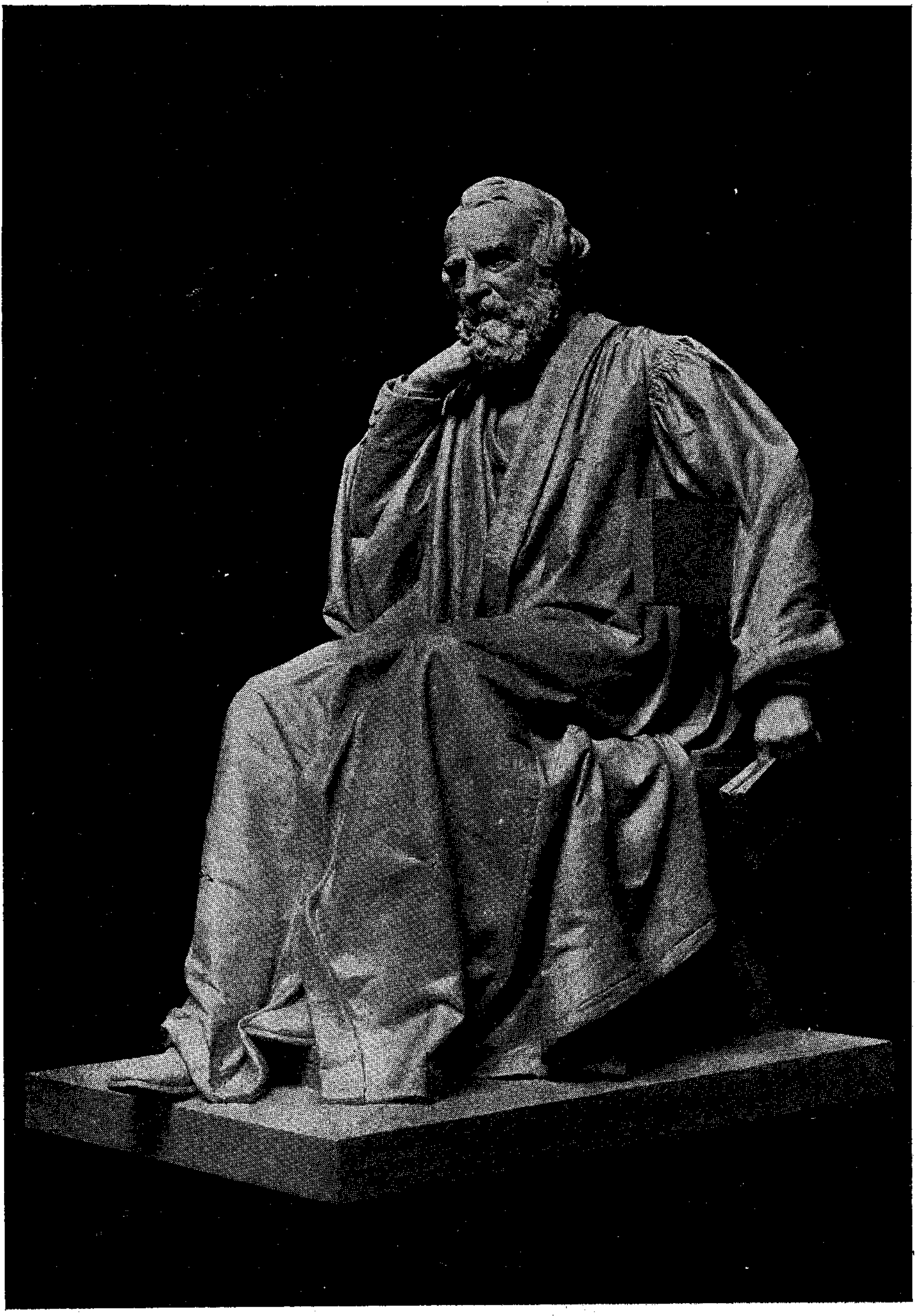
Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:
But who should hear them? and whose laughs? and why?

Savory was the smell and long past noon,
Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram,
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well-roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between;
It ought to run; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increased by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of, until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid.
It was religion.
He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abash'd,
"Father, that oak is Zeus's own; that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love—that one"
(He blush'd, nor said
What one)
"Has promised this, and may do more.
Thou hast not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best; if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."
"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
Said the glad sire; "but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find

In every crevice, over and above
What has been promised; would they reckon that?"
Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft,
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sigh;
They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out, they pleased.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said,
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander; there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain; for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here."
He spake; and pluck'd it from its pliant stem.
"Impatient Rhaicos! Why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away: then shall I know my fate,
And—for thou must be wretched—weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."
Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season: years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods; one did, alas! She called
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.
Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draught-board was expanded; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vex'd, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and show'd one wing
Half broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.
                                        At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing; but loud laments
The woodman and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
The statue by William Couper

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CITIZEN AND POET

TWO ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON AT THE UNVEILING OF THE LONGFELLOW STATUE BY WILLIAM COUPER

LONGFELLOW AS A CITIZEN

BY BLISS PERRY

LONGFELLOW'S true citizenship was in heaven; but he voted for forty-five years in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The manner of his life was known to all. His first years in the Craigie House were solitary. "Most of the time am alone," he writes in 1838; "smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock-coat, a black cane. Molest no one." Forty years later, in the seventies, Mr. Longfellow's erect, broad-shouldered, white-haired figure could be seen daily under the great elms of Brattle Street. Even the school children knew him, and would nudge one another, and whisper, "Here he comes." He was a good neighbor, willing to do rather more than his share of the prosaic duty of repairing sidewalks and protecting trees. The humblest of his fellow-citizens found him approachable, deferential. Local politics interested him; he was punctual at the caucuses, as well as at the polls. He had his accustomed seat in the college chapel, and after coming home he was wont to enter in his journal what he thought of the sermon. Cambridge people not only liked Mr. Longfellow, but were very proud of him, and the stream of European visitors toward the broad steps of the Craigie House confirmed the Cantabrigians in their own good opinion of their townsman. Mr. Longfellow endured all this homage with a perfect kindness and consideration, but he was too genuine a lion to enjoy lion-hunting, and he would certainly have agreed with his modest brother Samuel in saying, "I cannot imagine anything more disagreeable than to ride in a public procession."

The deep rootage in Portland, the city of his birth, and in Cambridge, the city of his fame, was essential to Longfellow's Americanism. Through his gift of imagination he shared in the history of his country. His own ancestors had played their parts as settlers, soldiers, and law makers. The primeval forest, the dark aborigines, river and lake and prairie, Puritan captains and patient gentlewomen, live anew in his pages, for they were the natural heritage of his mind. He believed in America. When others doubted, in the crisis of 1849 and 1850, he wrote with faith triumphant, "The Building of the Ship." He was not blind to the national sins; on the questions of slavery and militarism his gentle voice rang prophetically stern. He stood with his friend Sumner for human rights. "It is disheartening," he wrote in his Cambridge diary for 1851, "to see how little sympathy there is in the hearts of the young men here for freedom and great ideas." When Whittier had urged him, six years earlier, to accept a nomination for Congress on the ticket of the Liberty party, he had wisely replied that he was unsuited for partisan political warfare. But he never concealed his opinions. He even went so far, in 1866, as to refuse a decoration from Victor Emmanuel, on the ground that "as an American citizen, Protestant and Republican," he could not consistently accept it. One may not sympathize with Longfellow's scruple, but the manly tone is unmistakable.

It was because his Americanism was so instinctive, his feeling for our traditions and ideals so steadily loyal, that Longfellow was peculiarly fitted for his rôle of interpreter between the Old World and the New. Many would-be interpreters have failed through not knowing either tongue thoroughly. It is still true that

> "That man's the best Cosmopolite
> Who loves his native country best."

Any international courtesies worth showing or receiving must be based first upon self-respect, then upon mutual respect. Longfellow's poetry was richly equipped for this ambassadorial function, it was delicate and keen in its comprehension of varied racial and national types. His own linguistic talent helped him to penetrate the secrets of alien ways of thought and speech—alien and yet kin to ours, if one goes but deep enough. He understood Italy and Spain, Holland and France and Germany. He had studied them on the lips of their living men and women, and in the books where soldier and historian, priest and poet, had inscribed the record of five hundred years. From the Revival of Learning to the middle of the nineteenth century, Longfellow knew the soul of Europe as few men have known it, and he helped to translate Europe to America. His intellectual receptivity, his sympathy, his quick eye for color and costume and landscape, his ear for folk-lore and ballad, his own ripe mastery of words, made him the most resourceful of international interpreters. In Longfellow's lifetime the door of his Cambridge house was always open to exiles from every country of Europe. Distressed Polish and Hungarian gentlemen were prominent, but there were barbarians and Scythians also, in quest of work and of positions without work, all eager to hear the sound of their native tongue and to receive that human kindness which Mr. Longfellow never failed to bestow. It is curious to observe how his hospitality as a private citizen foreshadowed one influence of his poetry. For two generations immigrants from Europe have perceived in the luminous pages of Longfellow's verse the heart of their own people. In the days to come, when America is to show a blending of races, a mingling of blood and traditions and faiths hitherto unknown in the history of civilization, it may be that Longfellow, because of the variety and sympathy of his cosmopolitan imagination, will be recognized as the National poet of the new America.

But of that we know nothing. What we do know is that he was an ideal American citizen of his own day. He learned what many-voiced Europe had to teach, and then set himself steadfastly to his own beneficent task. Mellow words were his birthright. His mind was filled with fair presences and gracious thoughts, and his neighbors, at least, knew that that gentle heart was the home of a rare courage. Swift and far-reaching changes have been wrought in America since Longfellow's death; but this lover of children, walking in quiet ways, this refined and courteous host and gentleman, the scholar and poet of a generation more highly endowed than ours, is an ideal American still. The hot heart and the evil will, crude self-assertion and restless, homeless, aimless energy, may well be hushed in the sculptured presence of Longfellow, and in the memory of his achievement, his serenity, his repose.

LONGFELLOW THE POET

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

MR. COUPER'S statue conveys a charming impression of a personality and of a poet; the function not superimposed on the man, but his inevitable expression. The symmetry of the statue in the relation of its parts, the balance and poise of the head, the sensitive molding of the face, the ease and vigor of the figure, the repose of attitude so expressive of the meditative temperament, the academic gown significant not only of occupation but of bent of mind and choice of companionship—how clearly these reveal the poet! From his earliest youth Longfellow knew his vocation and trained himself for it. He was an accomplished linguist when a knowledge of modern languages was rare in this country. He knew the Old World at first hand, and its rich life of incident, landscape, art, and habit fell on his responsive imagination like a vision that had brightened into reality. He knit together the broken life of the Old World and the New, and repossessed the wealth of experience and beauty which the colonists had abandoned. On the threshold of his career he published a translation from the Spanish; in its ripe autumn he made an English version of "The Divine Comedy." In the years between he brought a thousand seeds of song from the older world and set them in a soil that had been barren of these finer growths of poetry. Ripeness of knowledge and tenderness and sensitiveness of imagination gave him the power of rendering the past in terms which conveyed its human quality, and his bust in the Poets' Corner belongs there by right of companionship in the poet's work of making all men kin.

From the beginning beauty found in him a gentle and winning loyalty. "We have but one life here on earth," he wrote in his diary; "we must make that beautiful, and to do this health and elasticity are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided." Happy co-operation of gifts, temperament, and occupation gave Longfellow's work, as it gave his body and his life, a rare harmony; the poise of conditions that on perfect days in May or October conveys a sense of inaudible music. This stable repose, born not of a mood but of a character, was due in no small part to Longfellow's simplicity. There was no moral confusion in his life, no collision of genius and temperament in his work. In these later years of vociferous individualism, with its highly sophisticated temper, his work seems almost abnormally serene and untroubled; it was his golden fortune to ripen slowly on the sunny reaches of the garden in the wide leisure of quiet days. His simplicity, and the beautiful genius of sympathy which goes with it when it is of the imagination, made him in a special way the celebrant in the sacred place of childhood, and has given him a distinction denied to many of the greatest singers—the children's poet. In their hearts they carry his work down to the future, and in their morning joy of discovery his fame will be born again in many generations:

> "Come to me, O ye children!
>   For I hear you at your play.
>
> . . . .
>
> Ye open the eastern windows,
>   That look towards the sun,
> Where thoughts are singing swallows
>   And the brooks of morning run."

The simplicity of nature and of art which lies on the further side of culture and is its ultimate grace, the divination of sympathy which is a prime quality of genius, and the singing gift which beguiles children until they seem to be listening to one another concerning the mystery of their own wonderful world, lying so far, alas! from ours that only a Longfellow or a Stevenson passes from one to the other—these reveal the charm of this minstrel who sings at the open window of childhood with thronging faces smiling on him, and these are high qualities of poetry.

Sensitive to the romance of the Old World, Longfellow felt also the romance of the New. Reknitting, like Irving, the ties of sentiment and renewing the sense of fellowship with the accumulated riches of Europe, Longfellow, like Irving, felt the appeal of the unused wealth of story and incident in his own country. The charming essayist gave us not only Westminster Abbey and Stratford, but "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle;" the poet gave us not only "Nuremberg" and "The Golden Legend," but "The Song of Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," two legends which have their roots in our soil and which ripened in the air of our world. Criticisms of the verse forms of these poetical stories are largely expressions of differences of taste; the fact remains that both are national property in the sense in which no national hymn is American property, and that, with "The Building of the Ship," they reveal Longfellow's Americanism even to those who recognize that quality only when it is labeled like a specimen in a museum.

Longfellow was not, like Whitman, a conscious and intentional exponent of a social and political order, nor was he, like Emerson, an interpreter of a people's spirit to its intelligence. If Whitman's themes were often of the old order, it must not be forgotten that his primary thought came from the far East and that his verse form recalls the rhapsodies of the bards; and that, if Emerson was a man of New England, he was a citizen of the world, and laid its wealth of history under contribution for example and illustration. Longfellow's work is saturated with the quality of his people in their new field of expansion. His freedom from the sophistication of a more experienced country; his simplicity, due in large measure to the absence of social self-consciousness; his tranquil and deep-seated optimism, which is the effluence of an unexhausted soil; his happy and confident expectation, born of a sense of tremendous national vitality; his love of simple things in normal relations to world-wide interests of the mind; his courage in interpreting those deeper experiences which craftsmen who know art but do not know life call commonplaces; the unaffected and beautiful democracy of his spirit—these are the delicate flowers of our new world, and as much a part of it as its stretches of wilderness and the continental roll of its rivers. Longfellow's Americanism resides in quality, not in magnitude; in the spirit, not in the speech.

If he touched now and again the notes of simple appeal to noble action, if now and again he spoke a word of cheer to common folk under the burdens of life, it was a generous gift from his deep sympathy with men. "Excelsior" and "The Psalm of Life" may be counted not with his achievements, but with his services. They are the successes of his sweet and accessible human spirit; the victories of his art are "The Building of the Ship"—our most spirited and inspiriting National ode—"The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," "Auf Wiedersehen," "Morituri Salutamus," "The Hanging of the Crane," among his lyrics; "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," among the narrative pieces; "The Golden Legend"—of which Ruskin said that the poet "entered more closely into the character of the monk for good and evil than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they have given their lives' labor to the analysis"—and "The Divine Tragedy," among the poetical dramas. In his sonnets, and especially in the six that accompany the translation of "The Divine Comedy," Longfellow's success in the most exacting literary form touches the high-water mark of artistic excellence. In this group of poems, which, as a whole, must be ranked with the best modern work, the poet attains a noble simplicity of thought and form, and here his claim to lasting fame as a poet securely rests.

Longfellow had the gift and grace which puts "the thoughts of the wise in the language of the simple." He lived near the highway along which the endless procession of men and women moves; his door was open to the footsore, the sorrowful, those who are weary with the dust and monotony of the journey; with a sweet and beautiful dignity he ministered to them out of his larger knowledge, his finer associations, his more prosperous conditions. He was an almoner of the spirit, in whose hands the bread and wine were never doles of charity but a gracious sharing of the best because the best is not too good for the humblest wayfarer on the highway of life. If you look at the man, you will understand his art; its harmony, sympathy, the touch of beauty on the common experience; the pictorial imagination; the clearness, simplicity, and dignity of style; and a craftsmanship never obtrusive, rarely at fault, and often touched with the felicity that comes when heart and hand make a common music. He could write a counsel of courage and aspiration as simple as "Excelsior," but he could also write the introductory sonnet to the "Inferno:"

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
  A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
  Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
  Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er.
  Far off the noises of the world retreat,
  The loud vociferations of the street
  Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day
  And leave my burden at this minster gate,
  Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
  To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
  While the eternal ages watch and wait."

The Man Without a Country[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

Dr. Hale, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, stated more forcibly than ever before the lesson of this tale—a lesson even more cogent in the Civil War days, when "The Man Without a Country" was written, than it is to-day. "This was the lesson," he said: "That we belong to the State. We cannot help it. We are born into it. . . . My first duty is to the Nation to which I owe my life. . . . This is the reality on which civilized life depends. We bear each other's burdens, and so only we live." It is fitting, now while Edward Everett Hale's benignant and inspiring personality is in the National mind and heart, that his dramatic presentation of love of country as a vital thing should be read once more by the immense number of those who already know it, and read for the first time by those who have neglected to make the acquaintance of a story surpassed by no other American production of its class in vigor and originality.—THE EDITORS.

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 13, 1863, observed in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette Levant, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th May, PHILIP NOLAN.

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the Herald. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say that there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have some reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*non mi ricordo*," determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

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Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low jack. Poker was not yet invented. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time his Excellency, the Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him, and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then, after a little talk, he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted, body and soul. From that time, although he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of his Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightfully for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States."

It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the Court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and, as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

Washington (with a date, which
must have been late in 1807).

Sir:—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "never hear of the United States again."

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,
W. SOUTHARD, for the
Secretary of the Navy.

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the Levant has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's Message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out "The Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well"—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And, by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the Warren came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the Warren I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the Warren, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loth, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again. I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to.

These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask;" and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, he said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he used to read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera*; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they can get away from you when you strike them—why, Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about the "man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst cf the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all around the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of the fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas*," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For *him*, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with an account of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a fit of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

The reader will understand Danforth's letter, or the beginning of it, if he will remember that after ten years of Nolan's exile every one who had him in charge was in a very delicate position. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

"*Dear Fred:*—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again; and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java; asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, of inventions, and books, and literature—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that you ever heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed closed to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"'*In Memory of*

"'PHILIP NOLAN,

"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Friend of the world, he lived to lend a hand,
And in each hope he held, each work he planned,
His key-word was "*Together*"—till all men,
Won by his brother-love, gave love again.